

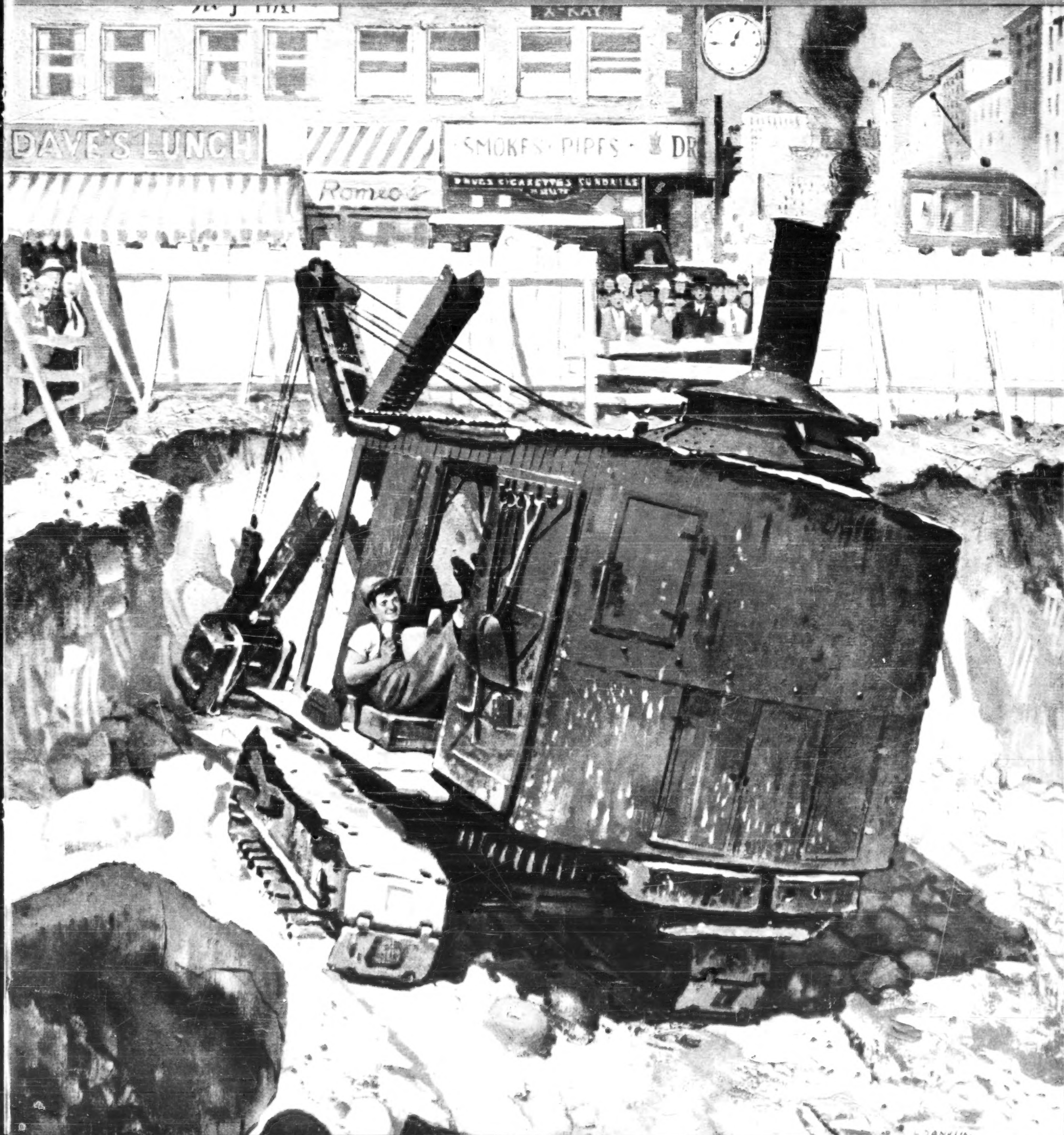
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

August 15, 1949

Ten Cents

How Toronto's Evening
Papers Slanted the
Election News



EDITORIALS

Controls Become Traps In Socialists' Hands

REBECCA WEST has done another of her superb court reporting jobs, this time on the Tribunal which investigated the Belcher-Stanley scandal about the granting of licenses by the British Board of Trade. She found the rogues in the case, especially Stanley himself, unexpectedly appealing in their raciality. The really hateful people turned out to be the bureaucrats:

"Real crooks . . . seemed not so dangerous to the State as the State itself, whose servants, almost all impudent and incompetent, went into the witness box with the calm of those who never fear dismissal. As they compromised themselves, so they exonerated another class . . . the businessmen suspected of having used illicit means to get licenses from Government departments . . ."

"The Board of Trade had refused those licenses for reasons which were demented . . . Behind every error of Mr. Belcher's was the inefficiency of unabashed civil servants."

In two typical cases which Miss West recounts in detail, the Government's action in refusing the license had been the fruit of "negligence and idiocy."

"All of us who sat in court realized that the invisible bonds which bind our country were . . . being made visible. It was an odious sight."

Miss West was quite aware that this odious sight was not, in Britain, solely the bitter fruit of Socialism. Britain is so bound because "Hitler made us bankrupt . . . If we sacked the Labor Government tomorrow, the re-

entering Tories could not abolish controls." Nevertheless the Socialists in Britain, and Socialists in all countries, must answer the charge implicit in this kind of situation.

In entrusting arbitrary discretion to the State, the Socialist must assume that the ordinary organs of government are wise to the point of infallibility. In actual fact, even when composed of intelligent individuals, they are nearly always obtuse and obstructive.

In Canada, import control was handled by able, experienced men. Yet when the Government's own housing corporation wanted to import 10,000 sinks to finish 10,000 homes, the controllers blocked it—because the importing firm had no previous import business, therefore no quota. By the time the red tape was untangled the 10,000 sinks had been bought by some uninhibited American.

Moreover, British experience seems to indicate that the controller himself is a different man in a Socialist atmosphere.

Under a Government pledged to a free economy, your controller is a man on the defensive, an apologetic man, eagerly contriving to make his function brief and painless.

Under Socialism he is a permanent, secure functionary whose judgments have the force of law. Apparently he tends to develop the same complacency which, in wartime, inspired the incompetent salesgirl to ask: "Don't you know there's a war on?"

That's what we mean when we argue that Socialism, even the mild democratic variety, is a threat to freedom. Gulliver, bound by the myriad threads of the Lilliputians, was just as helpless as if he had been shackled by chains of iron.

Why Are Parents Penalized?

AFTER five years of study, Britain's Royal Commission on Population has reported that the average British family is down to 2.2 children. By 1977 Britain will be a shrinking, ageing nation.

Canada's average family is still 3.9, but our fertility curve is also downward. Also, we need new people more urgently than Britain does. We note, therefore, two of the Commission's recommendations:

1. Income tax regulations should be changed to make the cost of child-rearing easier to bear.
2. Mothers should be assured of such aids as domestic help, day nurseries and adequate housing designed for young families.

Both these suggestions apply with equal force here. Even with the 1949 Budget changes, Canadian income tax still weighs unfairly on the family man. And the Canadian mother—indeed, the Canadian parent—suffers other penalties that sometimes amount to persecution.

If you're trying to rent a flat, far better to have a prison record, a mistress or the seven years' itch than three or four children. Many landlords won't have 'em.

If you really need domestic help (as what mother of small children does not?) you're the one most likely not to get it.

There are increasingly urgent social problems, vastly more important than the current valuation of the Canadian dollar or the type of engine in the North Star aircraft.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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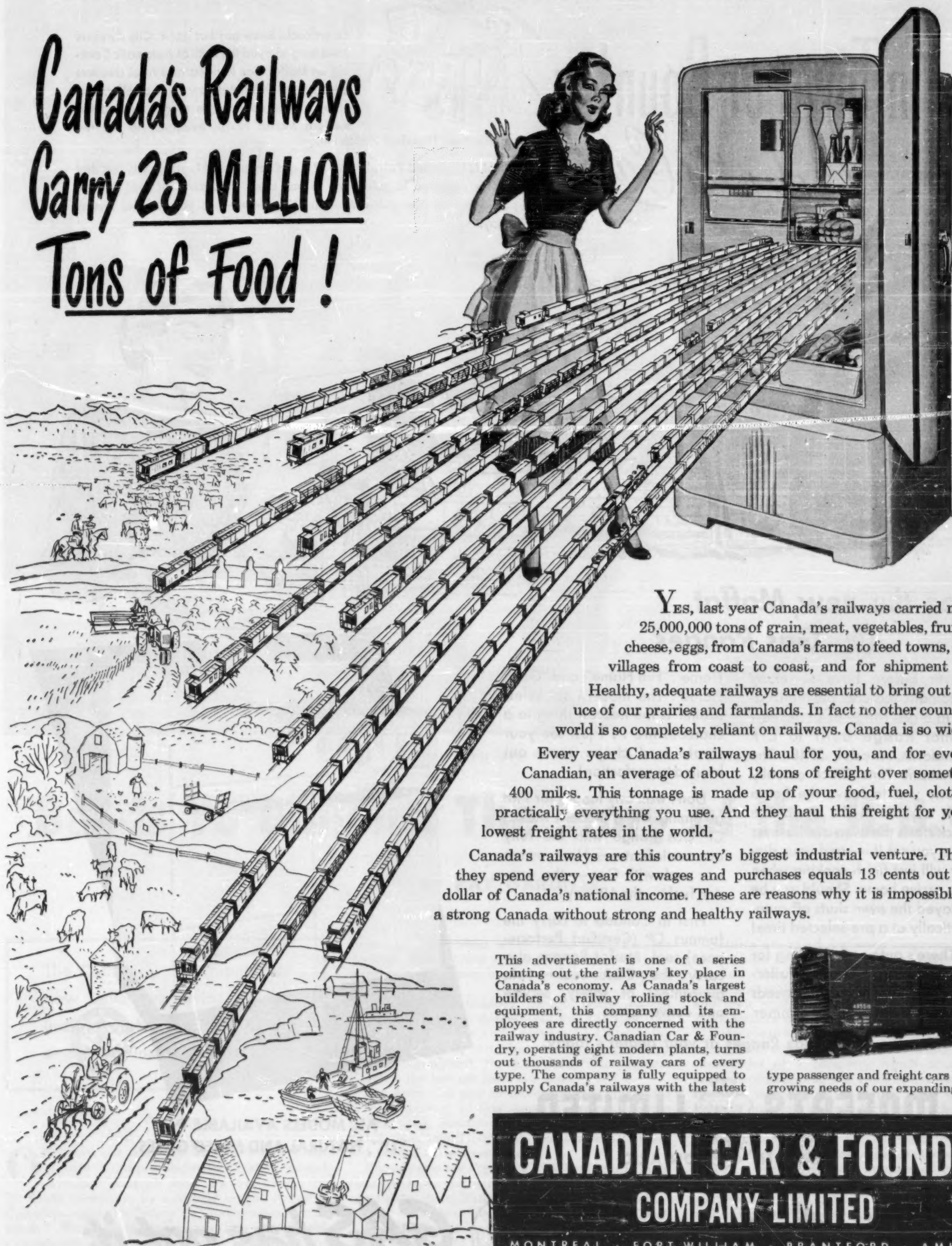
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CANADA NEEDS HEALTHY RAILWAYS TO SERVE HER PEOPLE

Canada's Railways Carry 25 MILLION Tons of Food!



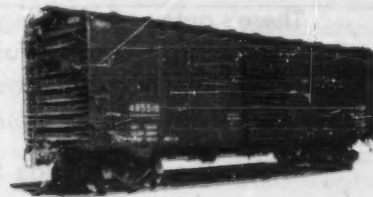
Yes, last year Canada's railways carried more than 25,000,000 tons of grain, meat, vegetables, fruit, butter, cheese, eggs, from Canada's farms to feed towns, cities and villages from coast to coast, and for shipment overseas.

Healthy, adequate railways are essential to bring out the produce of our prairies and farmlands. In fact no other country in the world is so completely reliant on railways. Canada is so widespread.

Every year Canada's railways haul for you, and for every other Canadian, an average of about 12 tons of freight over something like 400 miles. This tonnage is made up of your food, fuel, clothing and practically everything you use. And they haul this freight for you at the lowest freight rates in the world.

Canada's railways are this country's biggest industrial venture. The money they spend every year for wages and purchases equals 13 cents out of every dollar of Canada's national income. These are reasons why it is impossible to have a strong Canada without strong and healthy railways.

This advertisement is one of a series pointing out the railways' key place in Canada's economy. As Canada's largest builders of railway rolling stock and equipment, this company and its employees are directly concerned with the railway industry. Canadian Car & Foundry, operating eight modern plants, turns out thousands of railway cars of every type. The company is fully equipped to supply Canada's railways with the latest



type passenger and freight cars to meet the growing needs of our expanding economy.

CANADIAN CAR & FOUNDRY COMPANY LIMITED

MONTREAL • FORT WILLIAM • BRANTFORD • AMHERST

Some hopeful facts about ALLERGIES

IT HAS BEEN estimated that one out of every two people in our country suffers, or has suffered, from an allergy. These people are unusually sensitive to certain things which are harmless to the average person.



Plants, dust, animals, foods, drugs, chemicals and bacteria are among the most common causes of allergic disorders. When susceptible persons come in contact with these troublemakers, it is thought that a substance called *histamine* is released by the body into the blood stream. This in turn may lead to sneezing attacks, skin rashes, digestive upsets or more serious conditions.

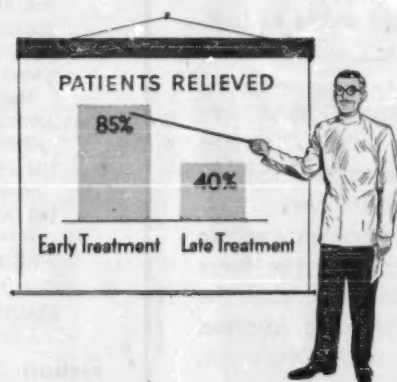


Fortunately, recent developments by medical science make it possible for the doctor to do more than ever before to relieve allergies. New drugs, known as anti-histaminics, are helpful in many cases, especially those caused by substances which are inhaled. This includes hay fever which alone attacks more than three and one half million people each year in Canada and the United States.



The doctor may recommend injections of the allergy-causing substance to help build up resistance to it. He may also suggest steps for avoiding or lessening contact with the troublemaker.

Recent research has shown that some allergic conditions improve when the patient is helped to resolve emotional conflicts. Today, authorities say that, with proper medical care, 3 out of 4 allergy victims can be greatly helped.



For the best results, treatment to increase resistance should be started in advance of exposure to the causes of allergy. Hay fever treatments, for example, are more than twice as effective when given before the pollen season starts rather than after.

There is still no "sure cure" for allergies, but patients who maintain close and continued co-operation with the doctor have the best chance for a great measure of relief. To learn more facts about allergies, write for a copy of Metropolitan's free booklet, 89-M "Allergic To What?"

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Please send me Metropolitan's
free booklet, 89-M, "Allergic to
What?"

Name
Street
City Prov.

In the Editors' Confidence

THE DAY after Sidney Katz agreed to do the story on the Toronto evening newspapers' coverage of the election campaign (page 10) a man came to the door with two large bundles of newspapers.

"They soon overflowed the living room and my wife was just beginning to worry where we were all going to live when she received a fortunate invitation which took her to Montreal," Katz told us. "She hastily packed and took along our two-year-old son lest we lose him beneath an avalanche of newsprint. I spent the next three weeks alone with my papers, undisturbed except for the nightly rap on the door heralding the arrival of another Star and another Tely."

Katz, an RCAF veteran, is currently combining two careers which one day he expects to merge into one. He went back to school last year to take social science and received his bachelor's degree and a scholarship from the University of Toronto this spring. This means he has less time for his magazine writing during the school year but after he gets his master's degree he plans to write magazine articles about social work.

His wife, Dorothy Sangster, is a magazine writer, too, and her stories have appeared in Maclean's.

● Ray Gardner started work on the story of the Hudson's Bay Company (page 7) away last March in Toronto. The story was written in Vancouver and in between Gardner figures he traveled almost as far as Radisson and Groseilliers who founded the company.

"The first sod was turned at Toronto reference library," Gardner recalled glibly the other day. "I received the impression before I was through my preliminary research on this story that this



NOTT AND MERRILL

Sidney Katz: His son was in danger.

library was stocked solely with books about the Hudson's Bay Company and a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The last golden spike was driven in the piece with my portable typewriter here in Fort Vancouver, B.C.

"There was a three-week stop-over at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers where the Bay has established its Canadian headquarters and a swing of several hundred miles by air visiting eight isolated fur-trading posts in the north country."

In Winnipeg Gardner met Clifford Wilson, the Bay's historian.

"When I walked into Wilson's office he was on the phone, grappling with the problem of having a Red River cart transported from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie where it was to take part in a local celebration. As I left he was arranging the loan of several of his second-best Indian suits to the braves of a tribe who were to participate in Winnipeg's 75th anniversary celebration. It seemed to me this was probably the closest the white man ever came to giving the country back to the Indians."



FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE did the research for this issue's cover one day last winter with the temperature zero and a 20-mile-an-hour wind whistling around the rubber boots he was wearing. The excavation surveyed was in Montreal, where Mr. Arbuckle lives, although the one on the cover doesn't actually exist. He tried a boy on the fence at one point in the picture's development but he didn't think the youngster looked happy there so he gave him his liberty with a flick of a brush.



HARRINGTON

Koituk barter his foxes for H.B.C. groceries. Beads move slow now, but Coke and chocolate go fast.

Beads To Billions: The Story of the H. B. C.

By RAY GARDNER

**The Company of Adventurers
now sells moccasins to the
Indians, Pabulum to papooses,
and bargains to suburbanites**

Part 1

ONE day last May the Hudson's Bay Company's Winnipeg department store scored a minor triumph over its archrival, the T. Eaton Company, by snapping up the exclusive Canadian rights to "every-day-in-the-week pantie briefs." These dated drawers, the Bay was pleased to announce, came in sets of seven, "each a different color with the day of the week beautifully embroidered in contrasting color on the left leg." At a scant 95 cents per scantie, Winnipeggers snapped

them up. Meanwhile, a few blocks down Portage Avenue, Eaton's was doing a swift business in a novel line of its own: boy's cowboy suits, complete with chaps.

This was an isolated though fairly typical skirmish in the commercial cold war the Bay (full name: the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay) is presently waging throughout the Canadian West against Eaton's, the invader from the East.

For years this pair of merchandising giants has been grappling, pitting bargain against bargain in Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Calgary, but it wasn't until early this year that their rivalry was fanned to its present heat.

Eaton's was the aggressor. By buying up David Spencer Ltd., the nation's fourth largest department store chain, Eaton's pushed their own chain—by far Canada's biggest—to the Pacific Coast. There, in Victoria and Vancouver, they presented a new challenge to the Bay, the third largest chain. (Simpson's is second.) The Bay now faced Eaton competition in every one of the six Western cities in which it operates department stores.

Eaton's are rated by some observers as tough competition for the Governor and Adventurers to handle. They're known to be highly skilled at pushing anything from witch hazel to roller skates and their mail-order catalogue has won its place in the pattern of Canadian culture.

But anyone who has delved into the Adventurers' background has no qualms about the merchandising capabilities of a company which once made a practice of swapping the Indians two red feathers for one beaver skin, or which even today sells chewing gum and outboard motors to the Eskimos, and Coca Cola and cowboy records to the Indians.

This is the way Bay officials seem to feel about it too. Publicly, at least, they won't even admit there's a war on. Eaton's invasion of Victoria and Vancouver is considered simply routine, if spirited, competition. And, says Philip Alfred Chester, the tall, silver-haired managing director of the company in Canada, "We love competition."

Chester, an assured, pleasant Englishman who is Canadianized to the point where he uses both "guy" and "bloke," recalls that his company is the oldest of its kind in the world (280 years next

In Town or Country *Cook with Gas*



Smart cooks know gas has got it. City dwellers have long enjoyed the thrill of Automatic Cooking on Moffat Gas Ranges, and rural dwellers have envied them. But now rural dwellers can enjoy all the advantages of gas fuel with a modern Moffat range equipped to use the

wonder fuel, Liquefied Petroleum.

What is Liquefied Petroleum? LP is gas compressed in steel cylinders that can be delivered to your door as you need it — ready for use! For full particulars on how you can obtain LP service — see your Moffat Dealer today.



See the new Moffat Gas Ranges

Never before have so many automatic features been included in a gas range as in the new Moffat Range built to C/P Standards, Model 5748. The Automatic Time Clock actually allows you to leave the house with a roast in the oven. The clock starts the oven at whatever time you set it — and your dinner will just finish cooking when you arrive home. Should you be delayed the oven shuts off automatically at a pre-selected time!

There's automatic lighting for all your burners — and 'Tailored Heats' for all cooking needs — "Keep Warm", "Simmer

Flame", "Full Flame", and "Giant Flame". The modern smokeless broiler is the nearest thing to a charcoal fire . . . just see your steaks and chops come out broiled to perfection!

Don't wait any longer for that gleaming white modern Moffat CP Gas Range with the fully automatic features. Now you too can cook with Gas — the wonder fuel — the LP way!

First in Canada to carry the famous CP (Certified Performance) seal. Moffat Ranges also carry the CGA seal — twin guarantees of safety, service and convenience.



See the Moffat Gas Ranges at your dealer's today.

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ALL MODELS AVAILABLE IN
"LP", NATURAL AND MIXED GASES

It's Automatic



***GAS* has got it**

as soon forget Hollywood's tribute. "The Hudson's Bay Company," starring Paul Muni and Laird Cregar, turned out to be such a Technicolor turkey that Bay executives shunned its Canadian premiere.

The Bay surrendered the major part of its territories, under pressure and for a price, to the newly born Dominion of Canada in 1869. Its price was £300,000, 45,000 acres surrounding 120 trading posts, and one twentieth of all arable land between the Rockies and Lake Winnipeg. All in all this left the Bay with roughly 7 million acres. Long ago the company pulled out of Siberia and Hawaii, but even today it still clings to a few of its ancient trappings.

It still pays £300 a year to the Bishop of Rupert's Land (Bay territory was called Rupert's Land after the firm's first governor, Prince Rupert) and stitches its initials, H.B.C., on the red ensign, as it has had a right to do for more than a century.

It persists in calling its shareholders proprietors, its board chairman the governor, and its annual meeting the general court. And it is still obligated—or feels it is—to fork out two elk and two black beaver skins to members of the Royal Family whenever they visit Canada. The Duke of Windsor and the present King and Queen have collected.

In all other respects the company is as modern as air conditioning and fluorescent lighting can make it.

London Pulls the Strings

DERBYSHIRE-BORN Philip Chester, the 53-year-old managing director for Canada, runs his empire from Hudson's Bay House on Winnipeg's Main Street just a musket shot from the company's old Fort Garry. The ruins of one fort can be seen from the office windows.

Chester's colleagues call him the modern George Simpson. Simpson was the merchandising genius who revitalized the company after its merger in

1821 with the North West Company which climaxed their ruinous war. Simpson was Canadian governor at the peak of the Bay's fur trade greatness. Chester, a chartered accountant who joined the Adventurers in 1923, put new fire into the firm after it had taken a beating in the 30's.

In keeping with a company tradition that discourages personal publicity, Chester has seldom been photographed and his interviews with the Press are invariably on an off-the-record basis.

Though the company's business is done almost entirely in Canada, its top direction still comes from the London board headed by Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper, its 30th governor. It is still 90% British-owned and its annual meetings are held in Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, London. Chester heads the Canadian Committee that conducts the business in Canada, and is a member of the London board.

The fur trade remains the company's most fascinating aspect. Its personnel manager is harassed by young men who hanker after Arctic adventure and by magazine writers who romanticize the fur trader's life, to the dismay of the fur trader. Many young aspirants think they'll get a whip and a dog team when they join the service. Some picture themselves playing poker with the Mounties.

There is no company edict against the fur trader engaging the law in a game of penny ante, but he'll go a long way to find such romantic trappings as a dog team or an express canoe brigade. Today the lonely outposts are linked by bush pilots who soar in on skis and pontoons.

The typical Hudson's Bay post consists of three gleaming white buildings—house, warehouse and store. Sometimes there is an Indian house, a crude, windowless shack, completely bare except for an old stove. Here the Indian is welcome to stay the night, rent free, when

Continued on page 47

Alexis Smith (right), Canadian-born film actress, gets gift coat of point blankets. Below: Indians at Grassy Narrows, Ont., wait for the company post to open shop. They go for snuff.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY



For over 200 years the Bay Company was absolute ruler of nearly half of Canada. It could marry a man, or hang him. It could coin money, and did

May) and, away back in 1682 was operating the first chain store system on the North American continent. "The Hudson's Bay Company," he remarks coolly, "has experienced everything. And survived."

He doesn't say that Eaton's challenge in British Columbia is just another fleeting interlude in the long life of the Hudson's Bay Company. But he infers it. As Chester, and most other Canadians well know, the three provincial capitals where his company operates stores (Winnipeg, Edmonton and Victoria) evolved from Hudson's Bay trading posts and the Bay once owned the land on which four of Eaton's stores now stand.

The war is being fought chiefly in full-page newspaper advertisements and with sales and slogans (both stores harp on the promise of satisfaction or your money back). Waging it are rival groups of high-powered salesmen who know a bargain in kitchen linoleum or paring knives when they see one, backed up by such auxiliary troops as the comparative shoppers who steal into the enemy store to bring back intelligence on prices and sales gimmicks.

But compared with some of the scrapping the Bay has done in the past to turn an honest pound note for its English investors, it is kid's stuff.

In the late 17th century the Bay fought a 10-year war (complete with naval battles) against the French on Hudson Bay. And early last century it waged a wilderness campaign of ambush, starvation and sudden death against the North West Company over the same Canadian West where

the Eaton forces have chosen to make a stand.

The Nor'westers rubbed out 22 Bay men in a single massacre but the bulk of the Adventurers lived to see the North West Company go to the wall. Eaton's can count itself lucky it is not going to the mat with the Hudson's Bay Company of a century or two ago.

In its swashbuckling days the Hudson's Bay Company stuck strictly to the fur trade, but today it is a merchandising giant doing more than \$100 millions worth of business a year. Most of these millions pour into the tills of the company's six large department stores. The rest are gleaned from the fur trade and a multitude of strange sidelines.

In all the history of commerce there has never been anything quite like this company which owes its beginning to a couple of eager French beaver trappers (Radisson and Groseilliers) and a business-minded English king (Charles II). And even today it remains unique.

The Eskimo fashions his igloo with a Hudson's Bay snow knife, the Indian buys his machine-made moccasins from a company post and the paleface graduate of the University of Manitoba goes to the Bay to rent his convocation gown.

The Bay runs a Persian lamb ranch in South Africa, an apartment house, a fur-breeding farm, vast beaver preserves, a museum, a shipping fleet, a high-quality quarterly magazine, a radio network and laboratory, a cargo airline, a couple of golf courses, and a wholesale department which peddles tea, coffee, tobacco, candy and its own brand

of bottled liquor — rye, Scotch, rum and gin. The Bay sells rich prairie farm land and dabbles in Alberta oil. It sells the rights to timber, hay and oyster shells on 30 islands it owns in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Bay's retail store operations include 14 small department stores in towns from Quebec to British Columbia and 35 general stores in small farming, railroad, mining and paper towns. Its modern store in the gold-mining boom town of Yellowknife on Great Slave Lake ran its gross sales to \$1 million in its opening year with such promotion stunts as a New Look fashion show.

The Bay owns 202 fur trading posts scattered over Canada from Atlantic to Pacific and from the 49th parallel to the Arctic straits. Its fur sales are the world's second largest—only the Russian Government has it beaten.

The company once owned two fifths of Canada and held a trading monopoly over a good deal more of it. When Charles II granted the company its charter on May 2, 1670, all the territory drained by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay went with it. Charles had no way of knowing, but this included parts of Quebec, Ontario, Alberta, the Northwest territories, most of Saskatchewan and all of Manitoba.

Over this domain the company was king. It made laws and enforced them. It could hang a man or marry him. It issued its own currency and levied its own taxes. It had the power to raise an army and to declare war.

At its peak the company not only held regal sway over most of Western Canada, but it also was running trading posts in Russian Alaska, Siberia, California, and Hawaii.

Apart from the Canadian Pacific it is the only Canadian company to win prominent mention in school history books or to have itself glamourized in a Hollywood movie. The company would just

No dogsleds outside the Bay's Calgary department store which sells everything from coal to cucumbers. Now facing stiffer competition from Eaton's, the H.B.C. is deep in a slugging campaign of sale and slogan. In its time it's been in lots of battles. There was the time it took on France.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY



Cloak and Dagger Marriage

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD ANDERSON

By BARRY PEROWNE

THE boat express from Cherbourg was sliding into Paris, and in a corner seat of a first-class compartment a slender, dark, attractive girl was gazing from the window. In the opposite corner seat a long, loose-limbed man of thirty, with blond hair, grey eyes and a brown, rather impassive face, was gazing at the girl.

The girl turned from the window. "Nearly there, Hal."

"Nearly there, Jenny," said Hal, and pushed back his sleeve to glance at his watch. "Running on time, too."

She smiled and turned again to the window, as though she couldn't bear to miss a single nuance of the summer sunset now hazing Paris in rose and lavender.

A Canadian, she had been educated in France; there was about her a Parisian chic, and she was bilingual.

Hal knew that the last time a train had brought her into Paris she had been with a career secret-service man called Perry Ide. They had been parachuted a hundred miles away in unfrequented country. Ide's task had been to co-ordinate a Paris intelligence network, Jenny's to handle his courier and cipher traffic. Since they had had to work closely together they had used a man-and-wife cover story, operating for sixteen dangerous months as "M. and Mme. Raoul Prémont."

To Hal Kegan Jenny's wartime mission seemed the sheerest melodrama. His own military service had been pretty humdrum, and the bank in which he now worked seemed pretty humdrum, too. Except for the tennis tournaments in which he played the only exciting thing that ever had happened to him was Jenny Wetherell. He had met her first when, at about the time of his own return to the bank, she had joined the staff of the foreign-correspondence section. Just once she had spoken to him about her war experience, and that was when he had asked her to marry him. She had given him, then, a brief idea of her sixteen secret months in Paris.

Of Perry Ide she had said only, "It was a cover-story 'marriage,' Hal—nothing more."

Because he was intensely proud of her Hal secretly had collected clippings of every newspaper story that ever had appeared about her. There had been quite a number, for she had been awarded some impressive decorations. The fact of it was she was a heroine. Of Perry Ide there was never a word in such stories. Secret service was his career; he was still at it and security shrouded him.

Jenny and Hal had been married now for two years, and all this past year Hal had been worried about her. She had seemed curiously preoccupied. He was afraid that her reaction from war and excitement was wearing thin and that she was beginning to find him and their life together unbearably dull. She had taken to reading every scrap of news about Paris, and though she never mentioned it he had sensed in her a growing nostalgia.

He couldn't imagine just what Paris meant to her. All he knew was that he loved her deeply and that he was growing to dread the very thought of the place, almost as though somehow it held the power to take her from him. When he had caught himself starting to think that way he had decided it was high time something was done; and feeling that Paris was a kind of test that sooner or later must be faced, if ever they were to reach sure

ground, he himself had suggested it for their vacation.

Every time he remembered the gratitude in her eyes when he had made the suggestion, his heart sank.

And now they were in Paris.

THE boat express steamed in with a deafening, hollow roar, under the lofty roof and flashing lights of the Gare St. Lazare. While the train was still moving, leather-belted porters swung aboard and came tramping along the corridor. One of them slammed back the door of the compartment and shouted at Hal.

"The registered baggage receipt, Hal," said Jenny.

"Sure," said Hal, and produced it. He let Jenny instruct the porter; her perfect accent made him slightly self-conscious about his own French, which in fact wasn't bad at all.

Glancing at Jenny as they walked together in the stream of passengers along the platform he thought that he never had seen her looking so excited, so alive, so lovely. It seemed to him quite incredible that she ever could have done the things he knew she had done, incredible that to her and Perry Ide, arriving here with forged documents and straight from a clandestine parachute drop, this station must have been once a potential death-trap.

The porter had gone ahead with the baggage receipt. He was waiting for them outside the clearance room, and Jenny went into conference with him. Hal looked around with interest. He hadn't served in Europe; he hadn't been in Paris since he had spent a vacation here in college days.

The brightly lighted buffet bars were crowded. At small tables before the café under the station roof people were scooping oysters from the half shell and drinking white wine. Commuters were streaming past to the suburban trains; and one of these commuters checked so sharply that Hal noticed him.

He was a lean, tall man wearing a belted white raincoat and a blue beret and carrying a dispatch case, and he was looking hard at Jenny. Neon lights pulsing down from the roof gave a bluish pallor to his keen, intent face. Recognition came so unmistakably into his expression that Hal turned to Jenny.

"Someone seems to know you," he said.

"Show me," said Jenny eagerly.

Hal turned, expecting to see the man in the white raincoat approaching them; but he wasn't. The

crowd was streaming on past. Hal glanced first up the steps leading to train level, then back toward the entrance.

"Thin air," he said blankly.

"You must have been mistaken," said Jenny. She looked disappointed for a moment, then she put a hand in his. "Hal, I wonder if anyone will remember me," she said, almost wistfully—"any of the old 'Premont' network crowd? I haven't kept in touch. I used to think I just wanted to forget it all."

Privately, Hal wished she had gone on thinking that way; but he wished something even more. He wished her to be happy.

He gave her hand a warm, reassuring pressure. "Certainly they'll remember you," he said. "Weren't you the kingpin?"

Jenny laughed. "Not I," she said. "Perry Ide was."

She turned back to the porter. Hal took another quick, unobtrusive look around for that man in the white raincoat, but there wasn't any sign of him.

FOR some reason Jenny had set her mind on a certain little hotel on the Quai Voltaire; and when they entered the dim, old-fashioned foyer, all wickerwork chairs and potted palms, she looked expectantly at the reception desk. The smile of the woman there was merely formal, and again Hal saw disappointment in Jenny's expression.

"Where are Monsieur and Madame Rignon?" she asked.

The woman stared. "Gone these three years and more, madame. The hotel is under new management." She turned to Hal. "If monsieur will complete these police forms—"

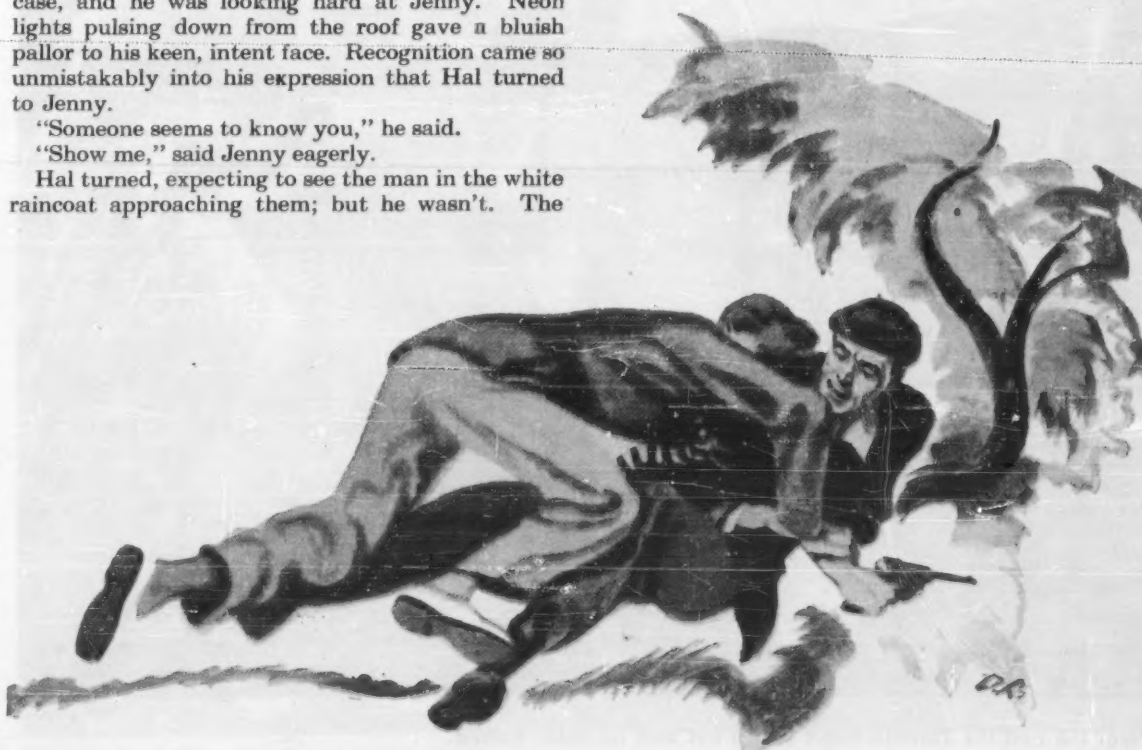
Upstairs, in their room, Hal said quietly, "Old friends, Jenny?"

"Old friends and good ones," Jenny said. She was brushing her hair. The brush became still; she gazed into the mirror, seeing scenes he couldn't share. "This place was one of our best letter boxes," she said. "Hal, I wonder what's become of them?"

Sitting down on one of the twin beds Hal looked soberly around this faded, comfortable room with its shuttered windows that opened on the Seine. Subtly, her words had made the poky little hotel mysterious for him, invested it with an atmosphere of intrigue, hazard and evasion—and made him, oddly, think again about a tall man in a white raincoat in a neon-lit, rackety station.

Jenny glanced round, her hairbrush poised. She smiled quickly and came and sat beside him. "Darling," she said, "don't look so poker faced. You look positively

Continued on page 44



Should he have taken his wife back to Paris,
back to the mysterious past that had made
her life with him seem empty of excitement

The man laid down the book, hailed
a taxi. He was trailing Jenny.

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tive candidates. During the entire campaign only two pictures of St. Laurent appeared in the Telegram.

To what extent did each paper cover the political events of the day?

On Wednesday, June 15, for example, the Star covered eight Liberal rallies which the Telegram ignored. The Telegram covered four Progressive Conservative speeches which the Star ignored and printed four other political items, all anti-Liberal (example: The booring of The St. Laurent Story, a movie short, at a local cinema) which the Star did not carry.

Throughout the campaign the two papers carried contradictory reports of attendance at various political meetings.

On June 3, the Telegram wrote of a St. Laurent rally: "The Goderich (Ont.) grandstand, which seats about 1,500, was by no means crowded." Two Star men had different versions. One reporter wrote, "He (St. Laurent) told the 2,200 people at an open air meeting . . ." Another Star reporter recorded, "He (St. Laurent) jumps to his feet and greets the crowds with a wave. Three thousand people roar . . ."

When Drew spoke at Moose Jaw, Sask., the Star (June 6) noted that, "The Conservative leader spoke to an audience of about 1,500 people." According to the Telegram (June 6), "nearly 3,000 people turned up."

On June 7, Telegram reporter Norman Campbell, who covered Drew's rally in Brandon, Man., departed from his usual practice, and included no estimate of the attendance in his story. The Star's correspondent, Dennis Braithwaite, reported, "when (Drew) spoke at the arena, which seats close to 5,000, barely 500 came to hear him. The entire centre of the arena was empty except for a Press table and members of a local band."

The two papers were farthest apart in their estimates (June 20) of the number of people who met Drew at the railway station in Quebec City. The Star noted that "a total crowd of about 400" met the train. The Telegram had him greeted "by a crowd of close to 3,000."

What sort of reception did the leaders of the two major parties receive when they toured the country? Torontonians who tried to find out by reading both the Star and the Telegram were in constant danger of developing a split personality.

From Lacombe, Alta., for instance, the Telegram reported (May 28), "The meeting indoors at the fair grounds was made up almost entirely of farm folks . . . the size and spontaneous enthusiasm of the meeting was a pleasant surprise to Progressive Conservative organizers."

The Star reporter wrote, "... the afternoon meeting here, attended by about 600 people, mostly high school students let out of classes for the occasion . . ."

How Many Hecklers? Come again?

THE papers on June 18 were full of accounts of Drew's invasion of Oshawa, Ont., stronghold of the automobile workers' union. The Star's description of the event was headed:

1,000 OUT OF 3,000 BOO DREW AT OSHAWA MEET HECKLING IS CONSTANT

The Star story told how "George Drew was heckled at a jam-packed political meeting here last night . . . Mr. Drew repeatedly referred to his detractors as a 'small minority' and 'a handful of hoodlums' . . . If they were a minority they were the biggest minority that ever crowded into one hall to hear a political speech. They were a noisy 'minority' numbering perhaps 1,000."

How many hecklers did the Telegram count? According to correspondent Norman Campbell, "Fewer than three hundred Socialists were there determined to prevent Mr. Drew having a hearing . . ." However, only a few inches away there was a picture by photographer Nelson Quarrington with the caption,

Continued on page 53

1,000 OUT OF 3,000 BOO DREW AT OSHAWA MEET HECKLING IS CONSTANT

By DENNIS BRAITHWAITE
Star Staff Correspondent

Oshawa, June 18—George Drew was heckled at a jam-packed

BOOS, CATCALLS STILL GREET DREW PICTURE ON ONTARIO SCREENS

Patrons of the University theatre had a laughing good time last

CAN'T SELL DREW SO QUEBEC CONSERVATIVES TURNING TO DUPLESSIS

By A. C. GIVENS
Star Staff Correspondent

It is time for us to build a wall against

N.S. LIKE NEWFOUNDLAND SWEEPS ITS LIBERALS IN SEE DREW HOPES GONE

By BELAND HONDERICH
Star Staff Correspondent

Halifax, June 10—Nova Scotia's Liberal government swept back

'BURNED OUR FINGERS' ON J. E. ATKINSON WILL FROST TELLS LABOR MAN

The confusion of Premier Leslie Frost that the Ontario govern-

DREW CAMP VISIT FIASCO, TROOPS LOSE THEIR LEAVE

By DENNIS BRAITHWAITE
Star Staff Correspondent

Brandon, Man., June 7—Red-
faced Progressive Conservative offi-
cials here are today looking for a
prize pulled yesterday when
Drew visited three ser-

Drew Routs CCF Hecklers Hits 'War On Free Speech'

"ORGANIZED HOODLUMISM"
DENOUNCED IN OSHAWA

By NORMAN CAMPBELL
Telegram Staff Reporter

Oshawa, Ont. June 18—More than

Deny Film On Drew Booed Off Screen

Unqualified denial that a movie serial, "Drew may have got a few

Welcome In Quebec Triumph For Drew Forecasts PC Gains

By WESLEY HICKS
Telegram Staff Reporter

George Drew continued to woo Quebec

Liberals Keep N.S. But Gain Of PCs Seen Federal Omen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

That looks encouraging. I also think areas—the south, east and north

Frost Did Not Say "Fingers Burned"

Premier Leslie Frost today denied restrictive covenants now in effect

Troops Drill For PC Chief Given Leave

Brandon, June 8—(Special)—Be-

Two leading papers fought the election and a private war in the same ring. But what happened to the news?

By SIDNEY KATZ

TORONTO'S evening papers, the Star with a circulation of 375,100 and the Telegram with 200,464 according to the March audited figures, are the two largest English evening newspapers in Canada.

Both newspapers have declared allegiance to the democratic ideal of a free Press and both have made public profession of faith in the principle that a newspaper is obliged to report the news impartially, giving all sides of a question under public consideration.

When George McCullagh, publisher of Toronto's Globe and Mail (219,265), became publisher of the Telegram last Dec. 1, he informed his readers in a front-page message that "... the Telegram will be

independent in politics... it will seek to give fair treatment to all parties."

In a speech to his assembled staff, he said: "Freedom of the Press, as I understand it, is freedom of the Press for the ordinary people, not for any Press lord or publisher. The news columns will be free from coloring and, outside of interpretative writing, reporters will stay to the facts. The newspaper will have its opinions on the editorial page and reporters will not be permitted to blend their stories to suit the newspaper's editorial policy. Socialists, Communists, or any other recognized political party must be reported thoroughly and accurately..."

While Harry C. Hindmarsh, president of the Toronto Daily Star, seldom makes statements under his own name, his devotion to a free and fair Press can be gleaned from editorials that have appeared in his newspaper. For example, in a front-

How Toronto's Evening Papers Slanted the Election News

page editorial on March 29, 1949, the following section of the will of the late publisher, Joseph E. Atkinson, was reprinted:

"The publication of the paper will be conducted for the benefit of the public in the continued frank and full dissemination of news and opinions."

Again, on May 4, 1946, the Star published, approvingly, a British statement on freedom of the Press, which read in part: "If food was adulterated and contaminated as news, there would be a public outcry from one end of the country to the other."

How did the two feuding newspapers live up to their professed ideals in the reporting of the recent election campaign?

Some Men Had Photos Taken

TO ANSWER this question, both newspapers have been compared, issue for issue, from May 10, when the election campaign was formally opened, until June 27, election day. Here are some of the conclusions that have been reached:

1. During one test week—the last week of the campaign—the Star gave five times as much news space to the Liberal Party as it did to the Progressive Conservative Party. The Telegram gave five times as much space to the Progressive Conservatives as it did to the Liberals.

2. The Star gave the CCF party 2.4% of its total political news coverage in that week; the Telegram gave the CCF 2.6%. Both papers virtually ignored the smaller parties.

3. Headlines were used to support each paper's political views.

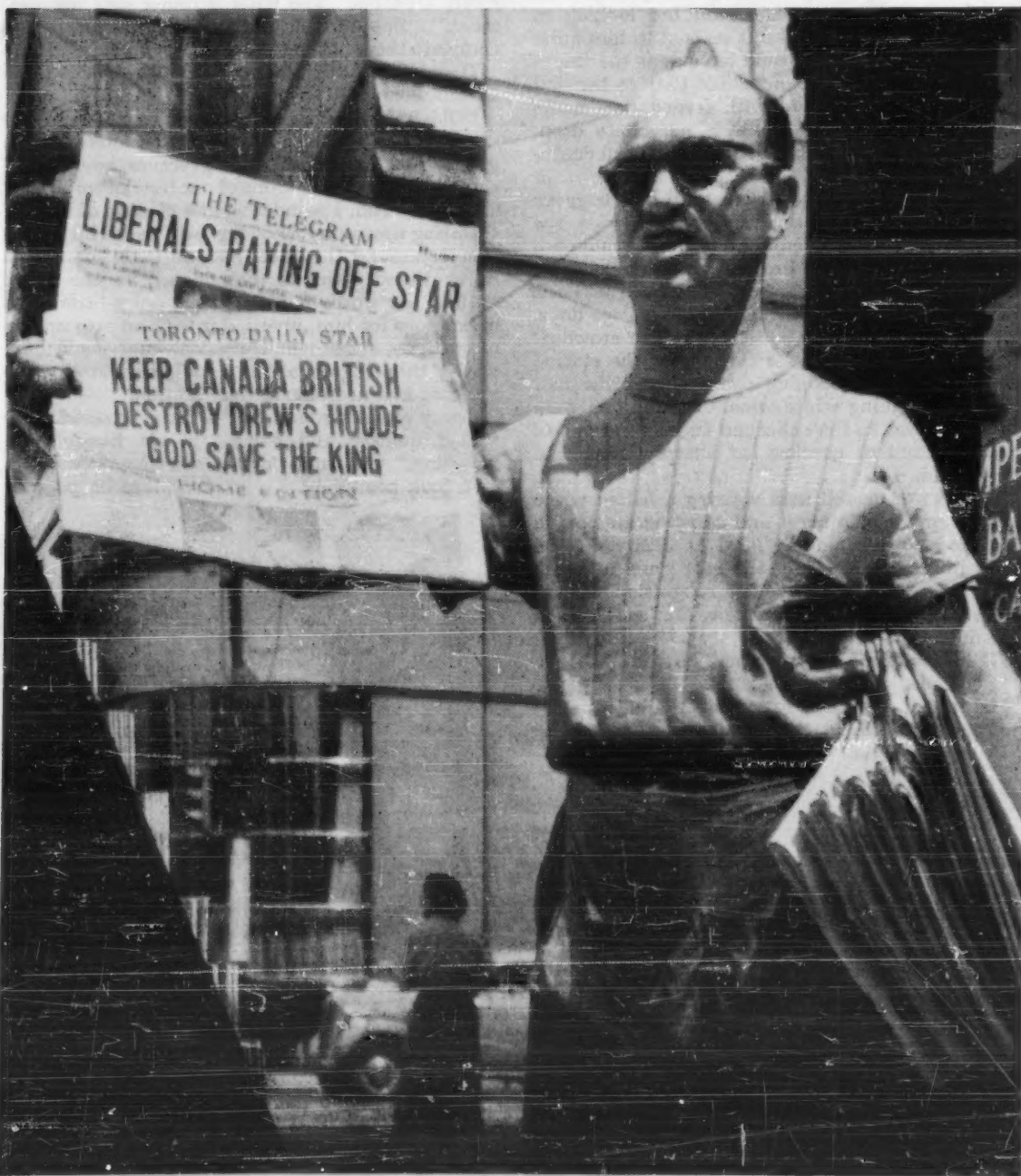
4. Accounts of the same event appearing in the Telegram and in the Star were often highly contradictory. So far as these two papers were concerned, in such cases there was no way in which the reader could find out what actually had happened.

Here is a breakdown of the campaign coverage during the week of June 20 to June 25 inclusive. Space is computed in inches. Editorial page and advertising matter are excluded from this count; so is interpretative writing which makes even the slightest attempt at impartiality. Included are reports of speeches, broadcasts, meetings, interviews, material supporting the claims of parties and candidates, etc.

	Star	Telegram
Liberals.....	1,734 inches	290 inches
Prog. Cons.....	355 inches	1,402 inches
CCF.....	52 inches	45 inches
Others.....	0 inches	4 inches

During that week the Star was sprinkled with 85 photographs of a political nature, which covered approximately 3,250 square inches, including captions. Of these, 73 (or approximately 2,800 square inches) were of Louis St. Laurent, his family, Liberal candidates and their supporters. All but one of the remaining 12 photographs pointed up what the Star called the "sinister alliance" between George Drew, Camilien Houde and Maurice Duplessis. Typical were two photographs of George Drew chatting with Maurice Duplessis, one of which was headed SHALL DUPLESSIS RULE CANADA? These were the only two photographs of George Drew to appear in the Star since the campaign got under way on May 10.

Of the Telegram's 43 political photographs 40, or approximately 1,625 square inches, were published in the interests of George Drew and other Conserva-



Near the bell the Toronto rivals slug it out with no holds barred.

BOTT & MERRILL



The tour of triumph. At Hearts Delight, flower petals. At Green's Harbor it was rice.

Clarity, sincerity. "This is a black cat, not a white cat."

his triumphant May 27 election as first Premier of the new province the letters and wires of congratulation poured in by the thousands from all over the island. Among them were messages such as these:

From New Harbor: "Please advise if you can give protection to 300 sheep in a pasture now being killed by dogs."

Little Bay West: "Sent registration for family allowances March but have not yet received it. Kindly give it your attention."

English Harbor West: "Could you intercede get me work on St. Jaques highroad? Reply."

Despite the years he has lived and worked there Joe does not "belong" in St. John's, where established folk are inclined to ask of a man suddenly risen to prominence, "Who was his father?" and "What did this fellow ever do before now?"

The answers in this case being that Joe's father was a lumber surveyor and that Joe has done just about everything, the comment as often as not is a snort.

Ralph Herder, publisher with his brother of the St. John's Evening Telegram, and not unfriendly to Smallwood, was forced to confess that his paper had never done a life story of the Premier. "I guess we always took Joe for granted—he was just a fellow who used to work on the paper," grins Herder.

One of the things that the golf and fishing club set perhaps hold most against their new Premier is that he doesn't act like one. Joseph R. ("Call me Joe") Smallwood donned morning coat and striped trousers for the formal confederation ceremonies last April 1, when he was sworn in as interim Premier, and Mrs. Smallwood was also on hand, primed and proud, for the big occasion.

But the great day over, the head of government went back to his blue serge suit, flashy bow ties, and the well-worn grey fedora pinched to a jaunty peak in front. His wife went back to handing orders of tea-and-a-sandwich through the crack in the sliding doors which separate Joe Smallwood's living room headquarters from the family dining room

whenever the Premier got a chance for a snack between or during interviews.

The Smallwoods—Mr., Mrs., son Bill, 21, and daughter Clara, 19—share a cramped five-room apartment in an extremely plain house at 61 Duckworth Street with what at times seems like most of the provincial Liberal Party, advisers, newspapermen and curious voters come for a look at the head of the household. (Elder son Ramsay works at Gander airfield.) Waiters in the main dining room of the Newfoundland Hotel, just up the hill, can point out the Premier's flat to interested tourists.

An official suite of offices in the House of Assembly building was placed at Joey's disposal April 1, when he was appointed interim Premier. But even after his May 27 election he was inclined, when the pressure at the assembly building became too great, to duck out to Duckworth Street.

Here with an informality bordering on dishabille, the Premier could be found *Continued on page 50*

On way to hearing on election charges, Joe accepts homage of islanders.

Joe (with Mrs. Smallwood here) is not used to looking like a premier.





Joey emotes. His years in radio taught him how.



He pulls out all the stops. "Please God, we will put a bridge there and span the gut."

The Smallwood Saga

Photos by Marshall Studios

By GERALD ANGLIN

BESIDES HER codfisheries, pulp forests and iron ore deposits, Newfoundland brought with her into Canada an asset unlisted in the terms of confederation. Not since the emergence of Quebec's Houde and Duplessis and the retirement of Ontario's Hepburn has the Dominion turned up a political figure as colorful, volatile and aggressive as Newfoundland's surprising Joe Smallwood.

What other province ever pushed unblushing into the national spotlight a premier who had been printer, pig farmer, advance man for a foot-loose movie producer, union organizer, writer of Sunday supplement thrillers, sometime dweller in New York flophouses, and creator of a unique one-man soap opera which ran seven years and once included greetings from the King and Queen, a blessing from the Pope and congratulations from Col. Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago Tribune?

Even considered purely as a politician, what other Canadian premier could state with Joseph R. Smallwood that he has stumped the hustings in two countries other than his own (U. S. and U. K.); converted his countrymen almost single-handedly from a bitter suspicion to acceptance of union with a larger nation; and has seen the electors in one district swarm forward to kiss his feet while those in another rushed into court to charge him with intimidation?

Newspapers in the nine western provinces have not been slow to grasp the human interest appeal of Newfoundland's wonder-working "little man with

the bow tie," who campaigns by airplane to bring to voters in isolated outposts the good news about family allowances, old-age pensions and other boons that come wrapped up with Canadian citizenship. But a mainlander visiting the new province for the first time is liable to get the same rude shock that once awaited the Canadian who innocently wandered south of the border loud in his cousinly praise of President Roosevelt.

Says the purser on the boat crossing Cabot Strait: "That Joey—he's the lad!" Says the senior hand from the big paper mill at Corner Brook: "He's the smartest man in Newfoundland." Sputters the St. John's matron, clutching her daughter's arm against the rocketing of the Newfoundland Express: "Why . . . why, he's unscrupulous!" Declares the Water Street businessman-politician: "The man's mad."

After discovering that mere mention of the word "Joe" can inspire tributes and start near-riots, the visitor learns to roll with the punches.

He finds that there are those among the Pro-

gressive Conservative opposition who regretted the laying of election charges against their Liberal Premier as an untimely smear upon their new province; and that there are also those who swore "If Smallwood weasels out of this we'll get him on something else!" Way over on the other extreme the enquirer finds fervent followers whose feelings on the same issue were simply stated in one coastal village: "If they lays a hand on Joey we'll burn the unprintable town from end to end."

As this was written, Premier Smallwood still faced opposition charges that he had intimidated voters by threatening that "not one red cent" would be spent from the public chest in the Ferryland district unless the Liberal candidate was elected.

Joey is 48, a 132-pound, five-foot-five-inch bundle of restless and apparently inexhaustible energy. There's just a fleck of grey to the black hair that sweeps back from a high forehead, from which it has also begun to recede. The furrowed lines across the brow, the sharp wedge of the nose, the eyes that narrow in concentration and the thin, malleable lips that can smile tightly, twist speculatively or purse expressively as he speaks, were all concocted by some good fairy who knew this man was going to stand on platforms and who plotted that no listener should be able to look away.

It is only partly because of this magic touch that the hearty men and women whose homes cluster in the myriad coves and inlets of Newfoundland's jagged coast have taken Joe Smallwood so enthusiastically to heart.

He was born a "bayman" (at Gambo, Bonavista Bay, on the island's east coast) and although hauled away to St. John's while still in diapers he was back among them in his 20's, organizing the paper mill workers, the railway section hands, and later the fishermen.

One way and another he has visited 1,100 of Newfoundland's 1,300 villages, and legend makes the impossible claim he can call 100,000 of its 321,000 citizens by name.

It is from these people that Joey draws his political strength, and they have a possessive attitude toward the man they voted to power. After

This is the big story of
a little guy called Joe,
our latest and liveliest
father of confederation



A good cup of coffee makes the morning break a highlight. Trick is to find that kind of coffee.

And Good Coffee's So Easy To Make

Our coffee is a national calamity. But it doesn't need mustard or mumbo jumbo, only care and cleanliness. If you follow these rules you can look a Brazilian in the eye

By ROBERT ELLIOTT

WHEN Spike Jones, leader of the ear-bruising City Slickers band, was interviewed recently by a Canadian radio columnist, he was asked, "How do you like our coffee?"

"Canadian coffee's all right," the king of clatter replied gravely, "to take a bath in."

He was being polite. Some of the stuff dished up at 10 cents a cup in our public eating houses tastes as though someone *has* taken a bath in it.

Early this spring the New York Times carried a news item about Robert Brown, a Brooklyn manufacturer who makes soap, shampoo and stuff for cleaning the hands. It said Mr. Brown hopes to make still other things later on—face powder, headache tablets, shoe polish and cookies. The reason the Times considered this newsworthy was that the raw material of all Mr. Brown's products is coffee.

Canadian housewives and restaurant cooks have been starting with good samples of the same raw material for years and winding up too often with something which isn't a whole lot more like coffee than the stuff Mr. B's factory turns out.

Instead of a rich and glorious liquid, pale with cream from deep dark brown to the tawny color of Carmen Miranda's skin, and smelling as wonderful as it looks, what they brew is apt to baffle description.

Terrible though coffee often is in Canadian homes, what some Canadian restaurants serve is

even worse. Americans, who once started a revolution over tea, would undoubtedly start another one if they had to drink coffee like much of ours.

Don't Rely On Guesswork

WHY CAN'T we get a good cup of coffee here, not just sometimes but all the time? The reasons range from plain lack of cleanliness, through carelessness, penny-pinching and crackpot tampering.

Bad coffee, at home or in a restaurant, is always disappointing. It is also unnecessary. There is plenty of good coffee available and you can make a good cup of it every bit as easily as you can ruin it, whether you use a glass gadget, a percolator, a drip pot, an urn, a plain old-fashioned coffeepot, or even a lard pail over an open fire in the woods.

The secret, as with everything from playing the violin to putting a new washer on a tap, lies in knowing what to do and then doing it—not just once in a while, but day in and day out.

If you go by the rules that follow you can't miss, whether you're a housewife or a restaurant keeper. If you don't go by them it is possible you might turn out an acceptable cup of coffee now and again by accident, but don't count on it.

The Pan-American Coffee Bureau, the world's top authority, has spent a mint of money finding out how you can get the best out of coffee. It lays down these three rules.

First, your coffee equipment, whatever type of

outfit you favor, must be scrupulously clean. Rinse away every last trace of soap. If your filter is cloth, wash it in plain cold water without soap right after you've used it and keep it soaking till you're ready to use it again.

Second, be sure you use the right amount of coffee for the pot. Don't guess. For coffee at home the bureau advises two level tablespoons to each six ounces of water—that is three quarters of a standard measuring cup.

Third, take care to measure the quantity of water and be sure it's freshly boiling.

The quantity of coffee indicated gives the strength generally liked in the United States. If your own taste runs to a weaker brew (there is a widespread theory which may be true, that most of us find American coffee a shade too strong), try using eight ounces of water instead of six.

The quantity is so important it can't be over-emphasized—two level tablespoons of coffee to each six (or eight) ounces of water, no matter what method you're using. Measure carefully.

Now for a fast fill-in on how to get best results from the four main methods used in Canadian homes. Each has fans who sneer at all the others, but the fact is that all four methods are equally good if they're done properly and equally lousy if they aren't.

BY VACUUM (SILEX TYPE): If you're going to use a vacuum glass coffeemaker start by turning on the cold water tap and letting it run for half a minute or so. Don't try to save time by taking water from

Continued on page 42

LONDON LETTER



Gerhard Eisler: No barter in British justice.

Witch Hunt Under The Counter

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

MANY TIMES I have described Britain as a laboratory of civilization. Perhaps more than any other people the British are able to keep their heads no matter how domestic events may harass them or the cross-currents of outside influence beset them. In fact it is still true, as the late Woolcott Gibbs remarked, that at any moment of crisis the British are apt to fly into a deep calm.

Just now this island laboratory is involved in an ideological experiment which all nations, both East and West, will watch with interest. We are trying to find out how far it is possible to oppose Communism without debasing the coinage of free speech and impair the dignity of our democratic institutions.

For many months there has been a growing uneasiness which came to a head with the arrest of Gerhard Eisler when his ship from America put in at Southampton. We knew Eisler as a German who opposed the Nazi regime and also as a Communist agitator after the war in the United States.

He got away from the U. S. by making false statements in his exit form, and when Washington heard of his escape it wired to London asking that Eisler should be arrested and taken off the ship before it continued its journey to the Continent.

Accordingly the police went on board and, as Eisler resisted, they carried him ashore and locked him up.

Many of us felt uncomfortable about it and I took the opportunity of discussing the whole affair with Lord Simon, who was in a special position to explain the matter as he served in his time both as home secretary and lord chancellor—in other words as the minister charged with the maintenance of order and as the head of the law.

"There is nothing unusual," he said, "in a friendly country requesting another country to detain one of its nationals or residents as in Eisler's case. In fact it would be an unfriendly act not to comply with such a request. Eisler will appear before the Bow Street magistrate who will then decide. Continued on page 26

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Only Liberals Need Apply

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

WHEN THE Prime Minister took the unusual step of holding open 14 Senate vacancies until after the election, several naïve characters (including, for a time, your correspondent) thought maybe Mr. St. Laurent was preparing for a new type of Senate appointment. In the hour of triumph, why not elevate a few eminent people without regard to party?

Upon enquiry, it appears that this was a pipe dream. Senators of the immediate future, like those of the past, will be loyal Liberals who have earned their way to Valhalla, or the party will know the reason why.

Of the 14 vacancies, six are the constitutional due of Newfoundland. Mr. St. Laurent merely took the entirely proper attitude that Newfoundland should be represented by nominees of the new Government, not the old.

Two of the remaining eight are in Nova Scotia. One of these, by common consent, should go to Gordon Isnor, the veteran Halifax M.P. who was passed over in favor of a bright newcomer, Bob Winters, when the Nova Scotia Cabinet post fell vacant. For the other one there is already a swarm of aspirants—ageing M.P.'s who claim it as a reward for being elected, while some others claim it as a consolation for being beaten.

The Nova Scotia case is typical. In every province where a Senate vacancy exists—British Columbia, Alberta, Ontario—there are at least four times as many deserving and clamorous Grits as there are vacancies. To squander any of these precious plums on a nonpartisan, let alone on a Tory, would be to invite rebellion.

Moreover, the professional politician has a low

opinion of so-called nonpartisan citizens. He thinks they're either men who take no interest in public affairs, or men who've always been afraid to stick their necks out by openly identifying themselves with one party or the other.

"What good will it do to appoint a batch of businessmen, or a clutch of retired university presidents?" one Senator enquired. "If they're still active in their own fields, they'll give all their time to their own business and none to the Senate. If they're retired, you'll soon find they're just as ready as the rest of us to sit around and do nothing."

* * *

APPARENTLY Mr. St. Laurent's chief reason for saving eight vacancies, and a whole flock of judgeships, was to give himself a free hand for changes in his Cabinet.

Hon. Robert Mayhew, Minister of Fisheries, is 69 this fall and in poor health. The B. C. Senate seat would be just right for him.

Quebec's Cabinet representation is likely to be completely renewed, at least on the French-speaking side. Messrs. Bertr. J. Fournier and Jean, all lawyers, are expected to make way for younger men among whom Hugues Lapointe, Edouard Rinfret and Jean Lesage are most often mentioned, though half a dozen others have been almost equally prominent. There are no Senate vacancies in Quebec at the moment, but the retiring Ministers would be equally happy on the Bench or in any senior Government job.

In the Ontario section of the Cabinet, speculation is more erratic. However, Continued on page 58



Cartoon by Grassick

P.C. backers have paid out a lot of money in 14 years, without a win.

Into Hong Kong flows the world's smuggled gold to fill Orient hoards. Crime and death mark its wake

tried to break away. One seized him by the hair, others by the shoulder. He shook his head angrily. A hand caught him by the throat and he jerked free. Two hands were cupped on his cheeks, but he tore himself from the mob and sprinted for the exit.

In a matter of minutes telephones had relayed the news that gold prices had jumped \$9 Hong Kong (about \$1.50 U. S.) an ounce. In a matter of hours the ripple which started on the floor of the Hong Kong Gold Exchange had spread throughout the world—by private short-wave radio to goldsmiths in Saigon, Bangkok, Singapore, Shanghai and Calcutta; by telephone and cable to brokers in Damascus, Istanbul, Karachi, Madrid, Paris, New York and Buenos Aires; to mining companies in Colombia, Saudi Arabia, Luzon, South Africa and Canada.

Scholarly economists shake their heads over the massive vaults at Fort Knox, Kentucky. They say the United States has invested \$24 billions in worthless metal. They say the gold standard is an anachronism.

In the eyes of millions of others, however, that vast tonnage of precious metal at Fort Knox is the one stable thing in an uncertain world. The only comparable standard of value is the American greenback. Out in Asia when you ask prices people are apt to say: "Ten dollars—gold." They mean American dollars—the only thing that will buy gold.

The battle for American dollars to buy gold is highlighted by stories usually found only in lurid adventure fiction.

One day in 1948 an amphibious transport plane left the Portuguese colony of Macao at the entrance of the Canton River for Hong Kong, 35 miles away, with 30 persons aboard. The craft had lifted to 800 feet when four armed pirates leaped from their seats—two in the forward compartment, one each in the middle and rear compartments.

Brandishing their pistols they forced the co-pilot out of his place and one of the two pirates in the forward compartment, a pilot, prepared to take the controls.

No one knows quite what happened at that point. Apparently one of the passengers aboard decided to resist. There was a struggle and a shot. The pilot slumped over his controls, the weight of his body pushing the stick forward.

The plane screamed into a power dive at 200 miles an hour. It struck offshore in 20 feet of water and plowed straight to the bottom. A fisherman picked up the sole survivor—one of the pirates.

When he regained consciousness he found himself in a Macao hospital bed with a friendly, solicitous patient on either side of him. He had no way of knowing they had been put there by the boss of Macao's biggest smuggling syndicate.

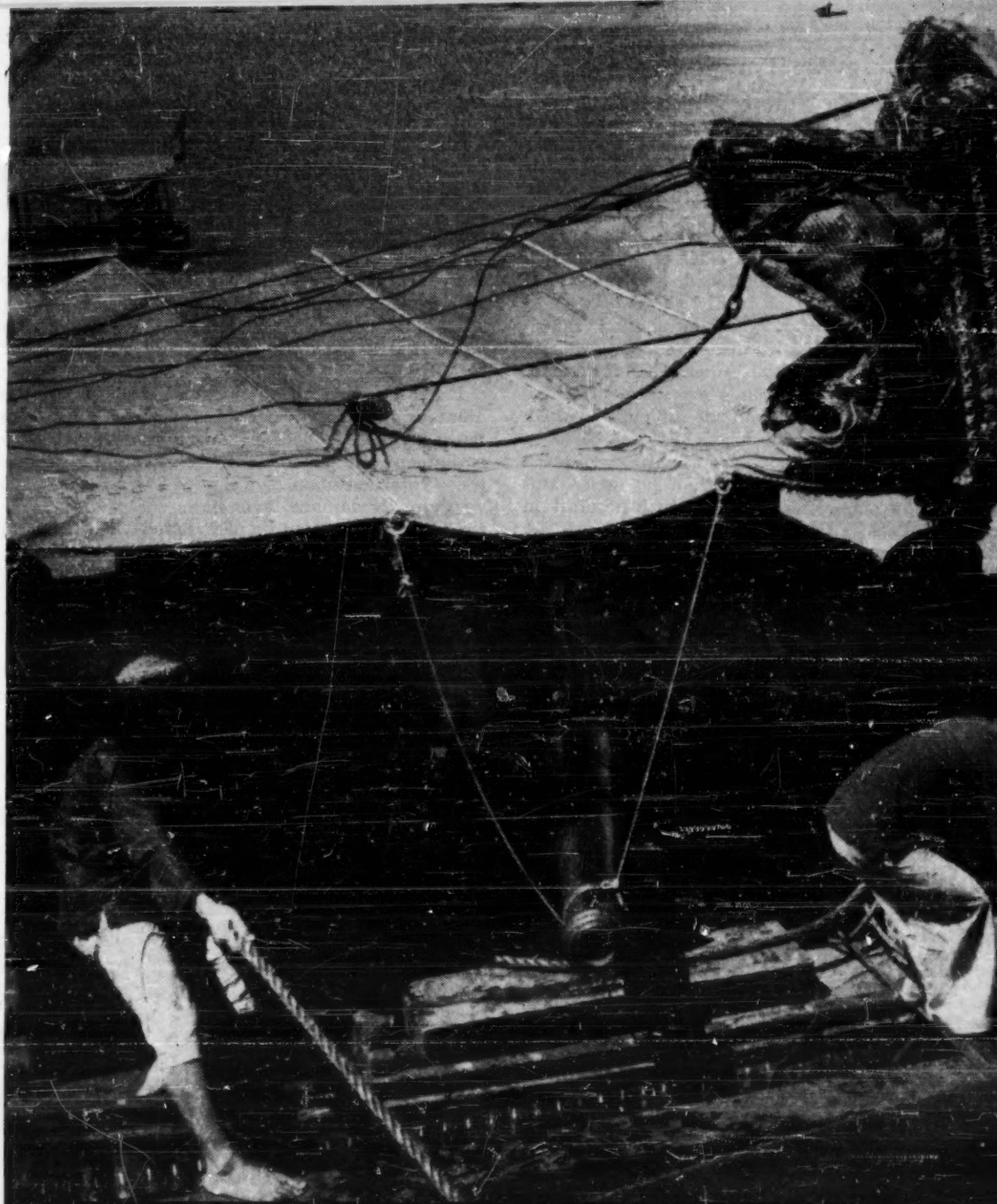
They told him both his arms and legs were broken—he was completely encased in plaster casts—and urged him to tell the story of the crash.

Gold Is Stained With Blood

THE pirate related how the four in the gang came from a village near Canton; like most such villages almost every resident belonged to the same clan. Their target was a brief case carried by one of the passengers containing \$1 million in American bank drafts and negotiable cheques. With these funds they hoped to buy gold.

The Macao gang leaders were enraged that a puny gang of outsiders should have dared muscle into their territory on a kidnap

Continued on page 39



BLACK STAR From Macao, gold runs the gauntlet to Hong Kong in armed junks, PT boats and planes

MILLER Tracking down smugglers is a thankless task in Hong Kong. Navy Yard is search nerve center



THE PORT OF BLOODSTAINED GOLD

By WILLIAM COSTELLO



Mah jong is one gamble for Hong Kong's Chinese — so is life itself when the gold fury rages. MILLER



Cases of bullion at Hong Kong. In 1948 Customs seized 16,000 ozs. — a drop in the bucket. EUROPEAN

HONG KONG—Gold is like opium or blood—it has no race, no nationality, no patriotism. It runs through the world's arteries like a phantom, oblivious of laws, loyalties, danger and frontiers. In Asia where life is cheap gold is worth more than blood, for it never rusts, ages or decays.

Down on Mercer Street in Hong Kong—a narrow crowded lane where half-naked children play in the hot sun—there is a little grey two-story building over whose doorway is the plain inscription: "Hong Kong Gold and Silver Exchange Society." This is the centre of the international gold traffic, the magnet which draws the world's smuggled and stolen gold.

It is the Wall Street of Asia, where stocks, bonds, debentures and mortgages stand palsied in the presence of gold. It is a place of wild hopes and deep despair—the last hope of the disillusioned, the timid, the avaricious and the embittered. Currencies may dissolve, crops may fail, creditors may die, markets may shrivel, conquering armies may come and go—but gold bears a mesmeric lustre, an inalienable charm for Oriental fatalists. It can transform death into life, chance into certainty, hope into power.

Few have ever heard of the Hong Kong Gold Exchange, fewer still have seen it. In front stands a huge Sikh. As I approached with Eddie Ho-tung the Sikh raised his arm to bar the way. Instantly the crowd of unshirtd idlers in the narrow lane billowed around us, shouting and gesticulating; in Hong Kong no Chinese door is barred to Eddie Ho-tung, whose multimillionaire father, Sir Robert Ho-tung, bears a reputation almost unique in Asia for openhanded philanthropy.

We entered a shallow foyer not much different from those in hundreds of Chinese restaurants. On either hand was a double door, and at one of these the manager came hurrying up with a bow for his distinguished guest.

Eddie murmured: "We'd better move . . . this place is a madhouse on a busy market . . . might get trampled in a rush."

Price Flashes Around World

HE LED across the room, up a cramped stairway, and onto a balcony four feet wide which bordered the four sides of the room. We looked down on a space barely 30 feet square—the gold pit. In one corner a shrieking mob of about 200 jammed together like rush-hour subwayites.

They were young men with hard, tense faces. Each carried in his left hand a tiny note pad and in his right a pencil. All were dressed in T-shirts, cotton pants and rubber sneakers. Despite six overhead fans stirring the stale air sweat stood out on their faces in beads and plastered their cotton shirts to their backs.

The market was agitated. The Communists had just crossed the Yangtze. The Kuomintang's hapless gold yuan currency was whirling to extinction. Foreign merchant ships were turning away from Shanghai. There were dollars to spend and nothing to buy—nothing, that is, except gold.

The exchange was a writhing mass of excitement. With their hot bodies tightly packed together, traders shrieked hoarsely. In the universal sign language of trading pits, fingers waved madly—a thumb, two fingers, three, a whole hand.

Suddenly a swaying eddy broke from the main stream of pandemonium, at its centre a single tight-lipped youth and surrounding him a dozen frenzied pleaders. He shook his head again and again and

Julian Kyd had one love — magic. For him she was a woman whose soul was secrecy. And how could he sell the soul of the woman he loved?

toes he waddled off the platform for the last time and started his magic shop. The business flourished. Mail orders came in from all over the world, and behind his shop he maintained a small factory where workmen constructed the precision equipment for which he was famous. Program chairmen used to call him when they wanted an entertainer for a smoker, and Paget threw what business he could to Julian Kyd.

With both men magic was a mania and a madness, and they used to spend hours back in Paget's cluttered office yarning about the great performers of the past, speculating as to fresh ways of presenting fine old tricks. Paget, who liked everybody, was fond of Kyd; but whether Kyd liked him he couldn't tell: the fellow was secretive, impersonal, living behind an invisible wall. Certainly he had only scorn for Paget's business.

"You know what I think of all this, don't you?" Kyd had said, on his first visit to the shop. His eyes were contemptuous, and with a supple hand he gestured at the conjuring merchandise.

A less good-natured man would have been affronted, but Paget chuckled.

"It's pretty small," he admitted, "but we do a big mail business."

"I don't mean that. I mean selling magic to anybody who has the price. You're exposing secrets. You're ruining magic."

"Oh, come now, Julian. What per cent of the public buys from me, or from any dealer? Not a tenth of one per cent. And those who do are no longer laymen. They're enthusiasts. They help magic. They buy the best seats at every magic show."

Kyd lost his temper then, arguing violently that the secrets of legerdemain should be sworn secrets, whispered in dark places from one generation of performers to the next. His position, Paget thought, was absurd; medieval; he wanted to turn back the clock to times when unlettered folk supposed that conjurers learned their trade from the devil on a windy moor.

Paget remained serene, and at last he grinned and patted his generous stomach.

"A man has to eat, Julian, and the shop makes me a living."

"Why do you have to eat?" Kyd snapped. "I'd starve before I'd expose my secrets."

Paget laughed.

FOR some weeks thereafter they avoided the subject, although Paget could always detect in Kyd's eyes a faint scorn for the customers. And on one of those Saturday afternoons when the shop was crowded an unpleasant incident occurred. Kyd had performed a minor miracle with billiard balls, so astonishing that the customers were left silent. And then the hush was broken by a neophyte who exclaimed:

"I'll give you ten dollars to teach me that move."

Kyd whirled, with a kind of Doberman pinscher savagery, and gave the fellow a tongue-lashing that was discussed for years. Then he stalked from the shop.

Paget sighed; he knew how desperately Kyd needed that ten dollars; and he resolved to try talking some sense into his stubborn head.

"Julian," he said, the following Monday in his office, "I want to ask you a question and I hope

you won't get mad. How are you fixed for money?"

"Money?" Kyd showed one of his rare, faint smiles. "What's that?"

Paget chuckled, and approached the subject obliquely. Several weeks before Kyd had brought in his notebooks and permitted Paget to leaf through them. They were beyond belief. For twenty years Kyd had eaten, slept and dreamed magic; he had associated with the great conjurers of the Orient and the Occident; and into his notebooks had gone all the closely guarded secrets that had been confided to him, all the effects that his fertile brain had invented.

So now Paget congratulated him upon possessing such a treasure house, and then, delicately, he suggested that Kyd select one of those startling inventions.

"I'll manufacture it, Julian, and market it. We'll charge a stiff price so every schoolboy can't buy it, and I'll give you a royalty of twenty per cent."

Kyd was sitting in a tipped-back chair, eyes moody, his well-shaped hands training themselves with a deck of cards.

"Don't tempt me," he said.

"I'll pay you a hundred dollars advance on royalties, and that will be only the beginning. You must have twenty or thirty brand-new effects that I could manufacture."

"I'm not interested."

"But Julian. You're broke—"

Kyd stood up.

"I said I'm not interested. You'd sell those tricks to every amateur who ever bungled through a parlor performance."

Continued on page 30



ALTHOUGH fifteen years have gone since Julian Kyd disappeared from this earth there are those who have not forgotten. At dinner tables in Beverly Hills, in obscure little lunch joints off Times Square, in the smoky restaurants of Soho and the cafés of Montmartre his name is sometimes mentioned, and many odd theories are advanced as to his whereabouts and as to why he vanished. In the slightly raffish world of show business his disappearance gave rise to speculation for he was a superlative craftsman. Julian Kyd was a magician's magician. If there were two ways, one easy and one difficult, to pluck a coin from the thin air, Kyd chose the difficult. In either case the effect was the same and the public didn't know which method he used. But Kyd's fellow magicians knew, and their admiration was boundless.

Back in the early 1930's Kyd could usually be found at Paget's, a magic shop out on Western

Avenue in Los Angeles. It was a dusky little place, its shelves mysterious with gleaming bronze vases and Chinese red boxes; and Kyd seemed as *outré* as any of that bizarre merchandise. He was thirty-five, a lean dark man with the intensity of an electric spark. His face was thin and almost ugly; the cheekbones high, the eyes black and guarded; and from his skull his coarse black hair sprang with great energy. You felt that if you were to graze it with your fingers it would crackle like a cat's fur.

Paget's served as an informal club for all the amateur magicians in the Los Angeles area. On Saturday afternoons they congregated there to buy equipment and hold jam sessions, and among these votaries Julian Kyd moved like a prince. He was already famous, even fabulous. They knew that as a young man he had traveled with several conjurers of the vaudeville era, working backstage; he was supposed to have invented one of Houdini's

escapes, and several effects Thurston used; and only recently he had returned from what he called—grandiosely—his World Tour. In New York and London and Paris, in Vienna and Bombay and Shanghai, he had hobnobbed with the great names of world magic. He had also, alas, often starved.

For Julian Kyd was not unlike those modern poets whose esoteric verses are for the few; he refused to give an audience what it wanted. Only the elect could appreciate his superb talent. Such broad comedy as pulling a string of wieners from a small boy's coat he considered beneath himself. Although a superlative magician he was a poor showman; hence he earned little money; and on his World Tour he had actually been little better than a glorified hobo, making his way by street conjuring.

Now, back in America, his financial condition was wretched. He dwelt in a shabby lodging house and drove a disintegrating jalopy; and with times hard his professional engagements were few. These were mainly one-shot dates at clubs and lodges, for niggardly fees, and he secured them through the kindness of Wally Paget, who owned the magic shop.

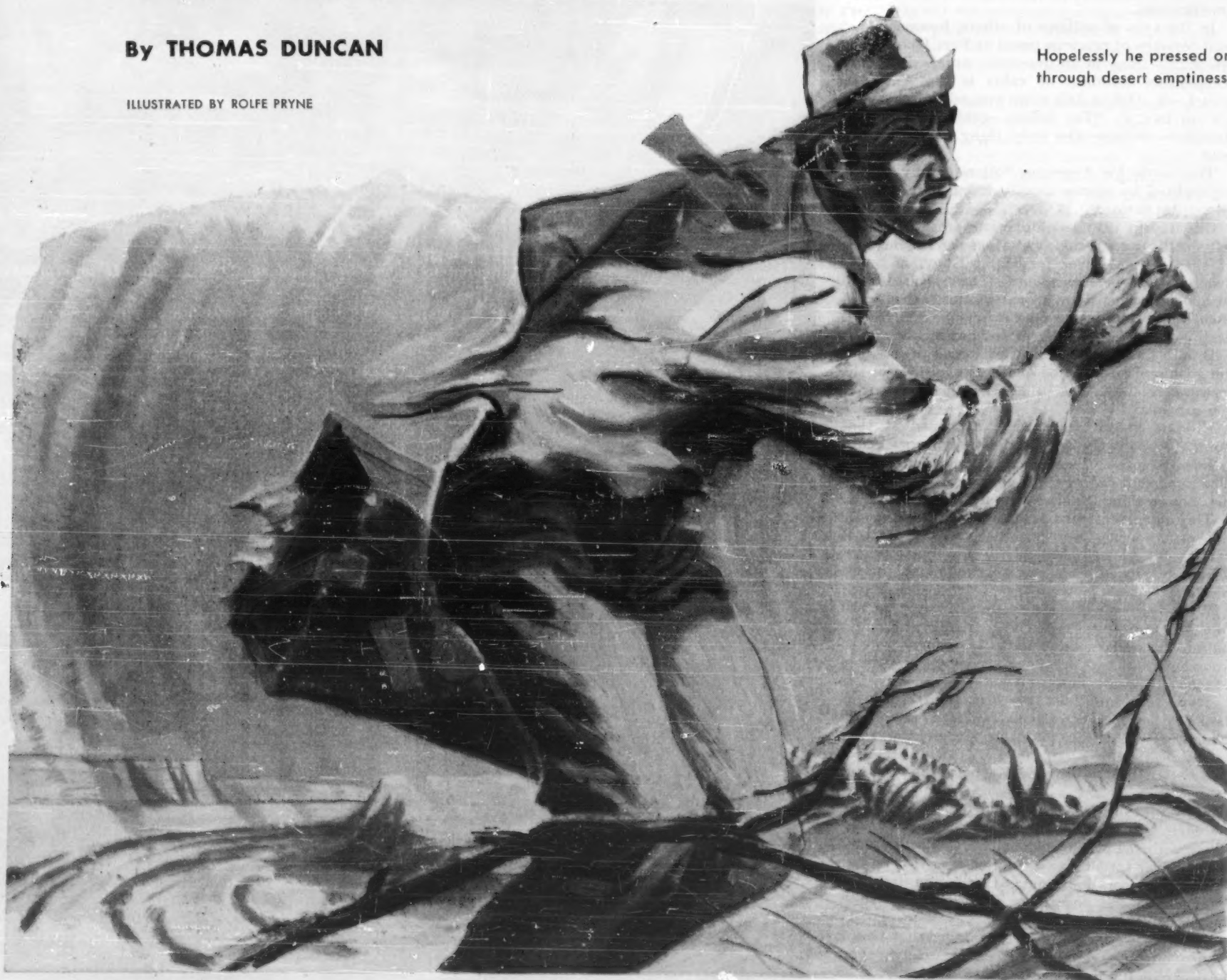
Wally Paget was everything that Kyd was not: a huge man of fifty, beefy-faced, sleepy-eyed, always wreathed in good nature. In his younger days he had been a professional conjurer, but he loved rich food, and when he could no longer glimpse his

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T TELL

By THOMAS DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLFE PRYNE

Hopelessly he pressed on
through desert emptiness.



body could survive the damage of uremia long enough her kidneys eventually would resume their function.

Murray trundled his apparatus into the sickroom in an atmosphere of scepticism which he, expressionless as always, did not appear to notice.

The artificial kidney was mounted on a wooden cabinet roughly the size of a surgical dressing table. It looked, with its glass, rubber and cellulose tubes, its motor and electric wires, like nothing the doctors had ever seen before, part chemistry, part medicine, part electricity and—probably—part hoax.

As he quietly explained its mechanics, his kidney seemed more and more fantastic. The poisoned blood, he began, would be drawn from a vein in the right leg through a length of rubber tubing. Then it would be pumped through the cellulose tubing in the solution contained in the glass kettle.

This solution, Murray continued, was water with all the blood chemicals added in their proper proportion. The toxic poisons and waste material in the girl's blood which were killing her would filter through the walls of the tubing while all the vital components remained behind.

Some of the glass tubing was an air trap to catch fatal air bubbles in the blood before it returned to the body by way of her left leg and some of the other wires and thermometers were to keep the temperature of the solution at a certain point, slightly higher than blood. The siphon equipment was to keep the solution always fresh.

The sound of the little one-third horsepower motor which aids the heart in pumping the blood along the tubes was heard in the small room. The girl's blood could be seen through the clear sides of the tube and the solution became murky. Her blood looked a little frothy as it approached the air trap tubes but after it went by it was a clear, solid red.

They Talked of Christmas

AFTER a tense half hour the girl opened her eyes. "What's that?" she gasped.

"Something we think will help you," answered the surgeon calmly.

The girl sipped some fruit juice, kept it down, and continued to stare. "Is that blood in that tube?" she whispered. "Am I having a transfusion?"

"It's blood," he replied softly, squinting at the thermostat. "It's your blood."

About an hour after the process was begun the patient began to shiver violently and appeared to be having a severe chill. Murray disconnected the apparatus instantly, his face pale. In his three years of experiments on animals this reaction had never before occurred.

Men who work with Murray are struck most forcibly by his calm in a crisis. He returned to his laboratory and worked all that day and into the night, searching for a reason for the setback.

By the following day he had it, an answer so commonplace that it could have escaped him entirely. The filter tubing through which the blood had flowed during its bathing process had been unclean. Bits of matter had been carried into the woman's bloodstream by her returning blood, producing a state of shock.

He then ruled that henceforth all tubing used on patients would be new and would be washed for an extended period in distilled water and rinsed in a blood solution.

The day after this the patient's condition was worse. Murray used his kidney for eight hours. The patient became normal again and they discussed Christmas shopping and the function of kidneys. The girl observed that she had never heard of an artificial kidney, but Murray didn't tell her that this was because Canada had never had one before. No ill effects were observed this time, but still there was no urine.

A few days later the girl was more ill than ever. The artificial kidney was used for seven hours. The day after that her kidneys gave off better than three quarts of urine.

Her progress from then on was extraordinary and a month later she returned to work. More important medically, her kidneys today are still healthy.

Eleven Were Dying, Five Still Live

MURRAY'S kidney is now kept in a cabinet in a seldom-used lecture room in the basement of the Toronto General. Patients are flown from all over the country to Toronto when their doctors believe that the apparatus will be required, but 19 times out of 20 the patient's kidneys can resume their function after treatment with standard, less dramatic methods, such as injections of pituitrin and intravenous feedings rich in glucose. Diathermy, an electrical treatment which sends short-wave impulses through the region of the kidneys, is also sometimes effective.

In the past two and a half years Murray has stood by while hundreds of people whose kidneys had become jammed fought for life, but not until it is obvious that the patient is losing the battle does he step in. He has treated 11 dying patients in that period and of these five have lived. His treatment was also successful with the other six, but these victims either died of something other than uremia or had chronic kidney ailments.

It must be emphasized that the artificial kidney is of no use to people with chronic kidney disorders. A number of these have written Murray begging him to adapt his invention for home use so that patients in distress could attach themselves to it

until the attack passed, just as victims of infantile paralysis use artificial lungs.

"An artificial kidney in the living room, next to the magazine rack? No, I can't see that, ever," Murray says.

The Murray kidney is designed to benefit those with normal healthy kidneys which suddenly stop functioning. The kidneys can fail when a person receives a blood transfusion with blood that doesn't match his own. An overdose of sulpha or poisoning with mercury or phenol will do it, and so will severe shock. Poisoning during abnormal pregnancy, pneumonia or nephritis will stop the kidneys and so will an induced abortion. A bad blow in the region of the kidneys will sometimes stop them cold.

Cases of this type are ideal for the artificial kidney. No matter what caused the kidney failure the death that sometimes follows it is tabbed in the medical reports as "death by uremia"; it was to prevent such fatalities that Murray designed his Goldberglike contraption.

Uremia is not so much a disease as a chemical upset which takes place in the body after a person's kidneys have stopped working. The first stages, when the flow of urine slows down to a trickle or stops altogether, result in a nightmare of confusion in the body. The kidneys, which along with the liver are man's most mysterious organs, normally perform an intricate job of filtering the blood and removing from it substances doctors call nonprotein nitrogens which are sent away in urine.

These nonprotein

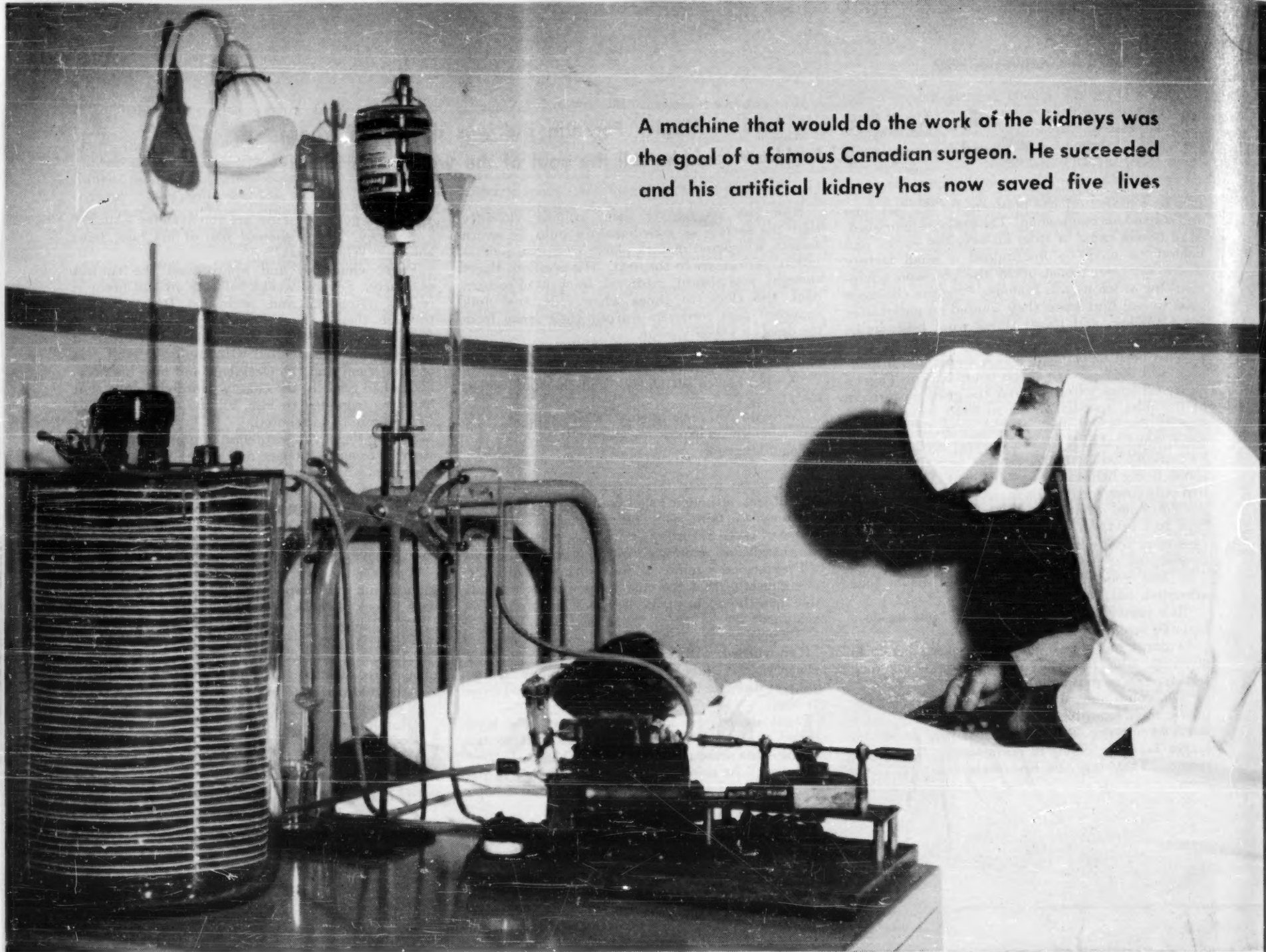
Continued on page 35



Best known as the "blue baby" doctor, Gordon Murray also built an artificial kidney.

ASHLEY AND CRIPPER

A machine that would do the work of the kidneys was the goal of a famous Canadian surgeon. He succeeded and his artificial kidney has now saved five lives



NOTT AND MERRILL

Only when patients seem doomed is the Murray kidney brought in. An electric motor aids the heart.

The Amazing Mechanical Kidney

By JUNE CALLWOOD

AN ARTIFICIAL kidney was used for the first time on this continent to save the life of a human being in the Toronto General Hospital on December 6, 1946. It was built and used by one of Canada's outstanding surgeons, Dr. D. W. Gordon Murray, of Toronto. It is designed to save man from the bloated death of uremia caused by sudden damage to the kidneys.

In its dramatic inauguration the Murray kidney saved the life of a dying girl.

The girl had been dying for more than a week after her kidneys stopped their function of filtering the blood, removing its waste products and flushing them off as urine.

She had been pretty, but uremia is hideous and the girl's face and body were enormously swollen with fluids her kidneys could not handle. Every method known to medicine had failed to restore her kidneys, so the unknown artificial kidney was attempted.

Now, two and a half years later, that girl is normally healthy and she had a baby last spring.

While Murray's kidney was being tested in a small room the hospital reserves for its critically ill, all

conversation was centred on the fantastic apparatus which resembled a housewife's stewing kettle bristling with tubes, thermometers and siphons and filled with tubes of living blood wound like red ribbon around a spool.

It had taken its builder 15 years of speculation and study, three years more of intensive experiments. Given lab space at the Banting Institute he financed the project from his savings.

Many people around the Toronto General thought that it would never work, that nothing man-made could replace the complex and little-understood operation of the kidneys. It is still incredible that it does.

Put very simply, in Murray's apparatus the patient's blood is pumped along 150 feet of porous tubes like small sausage casings which are suspended in a solution. The poisons in the blood soak through the walls of the tube while the cleaned blood passes back to the patient.

Today it appears certain that within the next few years every major hospital in the world will be equipped with an artificial kidney and there is better than a 50-50 chance that they will be replicas of the one first used in Toronto.

While this could mean lasting fame for Dr. Murray, he is, in fact, better known for his opera-

tions on children with congenital heart defects, the "blue babies." A slim poker-faced man in his early 50's, Murray has one of the largest and most difficult surgical practices in Canada.

The girl whose life was saved by the timely introduction of the kidney was 26, intelligent and attractive. She had foolishly attempted an abortion, using a douche of mustard and water, and as a result her kidneys almost instantly stopped functioning. When this occurred the girl began her progress toward the dread uremia.

Her body began filling with fluids, her tissues became waterlogged, her bloodstream carried an increasingly heavy load of poisons through her whole body and she was vomiting all nourishment. After nine days she had uremia. She was unconscious and her grossly swollen body was racked with convulsions.

It was at this stage that Murray was invited to try his artificial kidney. According to medical practice he could not experiment on a human being until it had been established that he could do no harm because the patient was going to die in any case. Three sets of specialists certified this.

The problem, specifically, was to gain time for the dying woman. Her suddenly damaged kidneys were endeavoring to repair themselves and if her

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS



Fitzpatrick gave the world the travelogue and those undying words, "It is with this thought we say . . ."

By KATE HOLLIDAY

JAMES FITZPATRICK is undoubtedly the man who most enjoys his work in the entire movie industry, for he makes lovely dough doing exactly what his heart desires above all else: jaunting around the globe.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who prefers to be known as "The Voice of the World," creates MGM's "Travel Talks." A man of 47, in the last 19 years he has spent nine months out of every 12 on planes, trains, ships, cars, dog sleds, oxcarts, and every other form of transportation on the trail of color film. His motto is, "See the world before you leave it." His ulterior motive is to make foreign climes so alluring that the motion-picture public will never again be satisfied with its home town.

He has recently completed a pair of pictures in Canada, "Ontario, Land of Lakes," and "The Quebec in Summertime," and the way he approached these is typical of his attitude toward life in general.

Ask him about Lower Canada (or Upper Tibet) and he rolls his eyes skyward, sighs and murmurs, "The most wonderful country on earth!" Enquire whether or not he is satisfied with his latest productions and he retorts stoutly, "The greatest footage I ever got—anywhere!"

In the case of Canada he perhaps means these sentiments, for Canada has always been one of his deepest loves. He's been trekking northward for so long now that he's forgotten when he had his

first view of the Dominion. And the land so enchanted him that for the last 10 years at least he has been buttonholing people for discourse on the friendliness of the Canadian-in-the-street, the excellence of Canadian food, the gorgeousness of Canadian scenery and so on.

His message in the two films he made last summer is that Canada is now the only place on the globe where one can travel in perfect safety, without restrictions, and see the Old World picturesqueness one formerly viewed in Europe. Fitzpatrick himself subscribed to these sentiments so strongly by the time the shooting was over that he purchased for his own use three islands off the coast of British Columbia near Victoria. With a total of 300 acres the property includes a house and a tennis court. It is his dream to retire to their fastness when he begins to totter, and spend the rest of his life radio broadcasting to the world about their wonders.

I am inclined to doubt whether this plan will be realized. Mr. Fitzpatrick would never admit tottering, has too much fun at his work to give it up, and he makes too much money.

In the nearly two decades MGM has released his one-reel, 10-minute films, Mr. Fitzpatrick's personal mileage has equaled six round trips to

the moon. He has produced approximately 200 shorts at a cost of from \$30,000-\$40,000 per picture. Since he finances these himself, he estimates that he has spent over \$7 millions in bringing the world to your neighborhood theatre. Naturally, this has not been done completely in the spirit of altruism. For the tiny epics play some 15,000 houses, are translated into seven languages and, because they are never connected with current events, have the further charm of not going stale. Thus, they can be—and are—reissued for new generations.

Made Russians Like Him

UNDER his contract "Fitz" is allowed to go anywhere he fancies, shoot anything, do all his own research, editing, cutting and narration before showing an inch of celluloid to the bosses. MGM, on the other hand, is not committed to purchase any short it does not like.

The fact is that the company usually kicks its heels skyward when it sees a new "Travel Talk" and immediately lays out a large slice of cash for the exclusive rights. The result is rather like a successful marriage in which the principals are aware of a divorce

Continued on next page

Through James Fitzpatrick's rose-colored camera all the world's an Eden. Even guarded Russia took his smooth line

By JAMES BANNERMAN

UNLESS you live in a remote swamp, don't have a radio, don't read anything and never talk to anybody, you know all sorts of things about all sorts of famous people. You know how the Aly Khan feels about Rita Hayworth. You know President Truman gets up early and isn't fussy about being photographed in a bathing suit. You know Winston Churchill paints pictures and lays bricks. But how much do you know about your own self?

If you're like most people the answer will surprise you. Suppose you were asked how often you have one of those bad nights when you don't sleep

a wink, how fast you walk, how much you weigh, how tall you are, how your voice sounds, or even what you look like. Maybe you think that's the kind of quiz you couldn't go wrong on, but it isn't. The average citizen couldn't score better than zero on it to save his life.

Take the business of not sleeping. There isn't a man or woman in Canada who doesn't come down to breakfast every so often and insist they never closed an eye all night. They say this in perfect good faith and would be prepared to swear to it in court. You've made it too, feeling red-eyed, hollow-cheeked and awfully sorry for yourself; you, too, would take your dying oath that you were telling the truth.

Now let's see what kind of a night you *really* had. Psychologists and psychiatrists have been studying sleep habits for years, and by now they've got the whole thing pretty well taped. The experiments of

Dr. Burtrum C. Schiele of the University of Minnesota tell the tale about as authoritatively as it's ever been told, so we'll run over a couple of his case histories. I'm going to put them into my own words, and I guess I'd better start by explaining how he did the checking.

Attached to the bed of the person being studied was a gimmick called a motilograph which recorded every single movement the subject made. Earlier experiments at Colgate University had shown that the average sleeper tosses and turns from 10 to 12 times every hour. Thus, Dr. Schiele concluded that if a subject didn't move more than three times in a given 10-minute period he was more than likely asleep. And on top of that check a nurse peeped into the room at half-hour intervals and looked for such signs of sleep as firmly closed eyes and steady snoring.

I've picked two cases out *Continued on page 37*

WHO'S THAT—ME?

What do you look like? How tall are you? Is your voice husky? Don't answer too fast, chances are you couldn't be more wrong



ILLUSTRATED BY
LEN NORRIS

Kodak



Happy days live on, in snapshots

Picnics . . . trips . . . holidays . . . they're happy days! And every one of them begs you to use your camera. There's always so much going on that makes good pictures—pictures that will help you to remember.

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You get the picture with a Kodak Camera and Kodak Film



Through its big, brilliant finder the new Kodak Dualflex Camera gives you a sparkling "preview" of your picture. Negatives $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. See it at your Kodak dealer's.

"KODAK" IS A TRADE-MARK

Continued from preceding page
court down the street if they are incompatible.

As I say, no one in the business loves his job like Fitzpatrick, since no one gets such a bang out of world travel as he. And the point that he has made his greatest pleasure pay to the extent of a six-bedroom house in Beverly Hills, a weekly payroll of 12 people, and a satisfying bank account is considered miraculous in the cinema capital.

"He's a sort of roving Chamber of Commerce," one MGM-ite told us.

Fitzpatrick invariably looks to the bright side of any country he visits. With some pride, he maintains that nowhere would he not be welcomed back with a certain amount of dancing in the streets. The assertion even holds true—or did until recently, anyway—in Soviet Russia: in 1932, "Fitz" produced two shorts on that nation which, though not seen by the censors before release, so charmed the authorities that they wrote him a letter of thanks. The story of how those films came into being illustrates the occasional hazards of his job.

It seems that MGM was unable to secure decent background shots for the picture called "Rasputin." The studio had appealed to the Russian Government for permission to shoot various palaces and received only a courteous veto. As a last resort, one of the executives cabled Fitzpatrick, who happened to be bargaining around Europe.

"Fitz" discovered that there was in those halcyon days a cruise from Iceland and Sweden which included a stopover in the Soviet Union. For a small fee, passengers were allowed to disembark at Leningrad, and then journey overland to the delights of Moscow—all under the careful supervision of the Intourist Agency. He joined a happy throng of schoolteachers on the cruise. Neither they nor the officers of the ship knew that the innocent-looking camera over his shoulder was capable of turning out professional work. On the boat he convinced 10 fellow passengers that it would be quite a jolly thing if they smuggled a couple of rolls of film apiece in their suitcases for him.

Beside him on the rail when the boat docked at Leningrad there happened to be a tall gentleman snapping away like mad. He turned out to be one Branson DeCou who had so delighted the Russians in a Carnegie Hall lecture the year before that they had invited him to return. They had given him reams of papers enabling him to go anywhere. He had heard of Fitzpatrick; Fitzpatrick had heard of him. So, instead of glaring at each other as rivals, they immediately joined forces against the censors.

A Time for Hospitality

At that precise moment, something vehemently Russian was shouted. It proved to be a command to dispose of all cameras. No pictures allowed on Russian soil. The pair by the rail sadly watched the ship tie up and the baggage sealed into vans destined for the Moscow train. Then gleefully they noted that none of the pieces was opened. An hour later when they entered their compartments they found that their possessions were still as they had packed them. But there was one definite flaw; they were welcomed so effusively by the Russian tourist bureau that it seemed it would be impossible to recover the film from their co-conspirators.

"Fitz" solved this difficulty in a characteristic manner. Installed in a hotel in Moscow, he ordered a bottle of vodka—"to express my happiness at being in your country, you know."

And, after hosting what by then appeared to be a regiment of merry and attentive Russians, he grabbed a tray and went to extend his hospitality to his friends from the ship. The Soviets were charmed by his thoughtfulness. It never occurred to them that he was, while pouring, stuffing his pockets with contraband.

For the next three days, he and DeCou photographed everything in Moscow, "Fitz" running around like a rabbit with a buzzing camera, DeCou hauling out his batch of papers every 10 minutes when the police hove in sight. As a result "Fitz" produced "Moscow, Heart of Soviet Russia," and "Leningrad, Gateway to Soviet Russia," plus providing MGM with its needed footage for "Rasputin."

Fitzpatrick was born in Sheldon, Conn., and his initial trip when he was a bounding four, took him across the Esoteric River to the town of Derby on the opposite bank. The lure was some church bells which he could hear but not see and he was happily returned to his own hearth by the local police.

He is a small man, stocky, blue-eyed, dark and curling of hair. He wears glasses until he begins to talk, when he takes them off, lays them on the nearest desk and lets the words flow with closed eyes.

Though his films are sometimes labeled "corny," he continues to make them in exactly the same pattern. His tag line, "... And it is with this thought that we reluctantly say farewell to beautiful Lake Louise..." or Bangkok, or the Philippine Rice Festival, is a case in point. It so bored even him that he cut it from his narration. But, at the request of the MGM office in London, back it went and has remained: the British audiences were joyously saying the words along with him as the pictures ended and all hands agreed that such intimacy should be preserved.

After a session at high school, he spent two years at Yale, where he acquired an ambition to become an actor. He lost it, however, after attending the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York for a few semesters. "My inner self told me I was no actor," he says now.

He found himself teaching drama at a children's school. In the class was one somewhat obnoxious widget whose greatest joy was to imitate Charlie Chaplin. He gave Fitzpatrick the idea of making a motion picture with an all-moppet cast and "Fitz" did it on \$500 borrowed from a friend. Calling it "A Chip Off the Old Block," he sold it, much to his own surprise, to a film company. To his even greater surprise, the outfit requested another like epic.

The Castles of Spain

At 20, he had repaid his friend double what he had borrowed and settled down to make 16 more children's pictures. When this petered out, he took a trip to Hollywood, where he found that no one wanted him as an actor. He had to borrow money to return East. He went back to what he by then knew was his rightful field with a series of 30 shorts on "Famous American Authors." Using a well-known poem and film illustrating the author's favorite haunts, he was so successful that he was asked to do the same for British writers and so took his first trip abroad to bring America the real dope on Shelley, Keats, Byron and Milton.

Then came sound. The morkey wrench. But "Fitz," as always, had an idea. He took off for Spain, shot a lot of footage and repaired to the RCA laboratories in Camden, N.J. He put the background commentary on his pictures on records which would be played along with the movie. At the test in a friend's Broadway theatre he

sat in the projection room with his forefinger on the needle pickup for 10 sweating, agonizing minutes to keep it from jumping the track, as it once had done. The applause which greeted his reluctant departure from the ladies of Spain was the beginning of his true career. In 1930, he signed with MGM and has trotted the globe for them ever since.

Now the father of five children he regards the incident in which he decided he adored the lady he ultimately married as one of the most breathtaking in his history.

He had been lecturing in Hong Kong. A reporter had expressed surprise that the rolling stone had gathered no missus. Immediately afterward, while dashing to catch his ship, Fitzpatrick spied a girl buying a canary from an old Chinese. Knowing more Chinese than she (he can also get around in Spanish, German, French and Gaelic) he helped her make her purchase. It turned out she was one Leslie Champin of Evanston, Ill., traveling with her aunt and uncle. She was so charming that he began thinking of moonlight and soft music.

When the ship docked in New Zealand, he secured permission to show her the sights. Riding over a narrow mountain road, the car skidded and plunged 60 feet into the rapids of a stream below, landing on its side. A torrent of angry water poured through the windows.

"I gave up then and there," Fitzpatrick says now. "I was underneath both Leslie and the driver and I didn't see how we could possibly escape. But she was so brave and sensible and at once set about not only getting herself free but helping me that I decided she was the woman I wanted."

He Prescribes Moonlight

This was only one time in which death has come too close for comfort to Fitzpatrick. In Iran his plane once barely made a landing in a storm. Off the coast of Spain a small ship nearly sank under his feet in a gale. In a remote section of Peru, he suffered an appendix attack of such violence—without a doctor—that it seemed he would never live to tell about it.

"Fitz" says his most difficult problems are weather and customs inspectors. "For some strange reason, cameras and film are a bugbear in every country on earth," he says. "The customs men seem to think I am carrying machine guns."

Through the years "Fitz" has received bushels of letters from couples asking about places to go on their honeymoons. A travel service was the natural result and is proving most successful. His one innovation is to show his prospective customers films on the places they intend visiting.

Any tourist, he believes, should time his journey to a famous place to coincide with a full moon. Often, he says, the most gorgeous views are obtained only after sunset.

He has acquired many honorary titles and dozens of keys to cities. The Sultan of Johore gave him a commission in his 3,500-man army when Fitzpatrick was his guest in 1938, following in the footsteps of the late Maharaja of Baroda, who had added him to his personal staff in 1935.

"The Maharaja asked me to visit him," Fitzpatrick says, "and I saw a life of splendor. His carriages were plated in gold. His elephants had golden ornaments and emeralds were embedded in their harness. In his vaults I could stand in precious stones up to my chin."

And so reluctantly we leave James Fitzpatrick, as the sun sinks into... ★

Knit Wit

By Pauline Heath

CARTOON BY NORRIS



By dint of unremitting

Toil and knitting

I've made a sweater;

Perhaps it MIGHT be better

But at least you couldn't buy one

Like my one.

Apart from the difference in weaves

Shop-bought sweaters have arm-
holes or sleeves,

Which by mistake I omitted;

Still, it IS hand-knitted.

What's that? "It's more like a
sock than a pull-over?"

Oh, perhaps THAT'S why I have
such a colossal amount of wull-
over!



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Witch Hunt Under the Counter

Continued from page 14

whether he has committed an extraditable offense."

I asked Lord Simon how far the magistrate would be advised or influenced by the Government. "Not at all," said Simon. "He will take his own decision based upon the law of the realm. He will consult no one."

Accordingly Eisler was taken to Bow Street where he put his case. He had filled in false facts to get out of the U. S. and, if you like, he had committed perjury. The magistrate did not hesitate. Obviously Eisler as a resident had broken the American law, but perjury, or giving false information, does not come under the category of extraditable crime. Therefore, the decision of the court was that he should go free.

Naturally our Communists went wild with delight and Eisler was escorted from Bow Street like a conqueror.

But let me add that the whole nation felt a deep sense of relief. Did not Magna Carta lay down that in this island kingdom justice would be denied to none and sold to none?

Economically Britain is still dependent upon the American dollar and, knowing the attitude of Americans against Communists in their midst, it would have been a tactful thing to send this unimportant creature back to answer for his offenses. But British justice was not for sale or to be bartered in the hope of favors to come.

I am glad to report that no protest came from the U. S. Government. Washington may have been angry but made no sign. The incident came to an end when Home Secretary Chuter Ede gave Eisler permission to leave Britain for any destination he desired. Thus ended one of those moments when a nation's dignity is enriched for all time.

Yet hardly had the Eisler episode passed from our minds when there was another shock to the public conscience. One of the biggest departmental stores in London is the John Lewis partner-

Maclean's Magazine, August 15, 1949

ship. The founder, Mr. John Lewis, is a Conservative, a capitalist and a good employer. He has contributed by his writings and his methods to the new conception of responsible capitalism embracing mutual partnership between management and employees.

He had set up in his own establishment a central council of workers and executives to further the interests of all engaged in the enterprise, and to help in making the business successful. Perhaps I might explain that the John Lewis Partnership controls 20 stores across the country, as well as 40 shops, farms and factories employing more than 12,000 workers.

This Dreadful Investigation

The central council met this week in an atmosphere of considerable excitement. A month ago they had startled the country by declaring that there would be a purge of all Communists employed by the partnership. The whole community was disturbed and there was considerable criticism even from quarters where Communism is heartily detested.

It was bad enough for Mr. Attlee to purge the Civil Service, but at least he could defend that on high policy. But what did it matter whether a shoe salesman was a Communist, a Plymouth Brethren or a Republican?

The central council was told that 226 regular customers had written threatening to withdraw their custom. Mr. E. J. Crofts, the partnership councilor, made an impassioned speech of protest. "If the company carries out this dreadful investigation," he said, "it will be based on backstairs gossip, private spying and remarks dropped in the canteen . . . It will depend on the associates a man has, the sort of club he belongs to, the kind of books he buys, whose daughter his wife is. In a short time not only the totalitarians but every partner will feel himself isolated in a hostile throng."

That speech had a profound effect, but Mr. A. E. Porter, director of personnel, made a sturdy reply. "Communists," he said, "are dangerous to

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JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S



"Ask your Mother..."



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Regular Grinds
GLASSINE-LINED BAG
All Purpose Grind



Maxwell House Coffee

A Product of General Foods

"Good to the Last Drop!"

MH-19M

Continued from page 26
the success of our partnership. They come in with the intention of disrupting it and will in due course use it as a weapon in the political struggle."

An official spokesman for the management told the council that its verdict would be accepted, whatever it was. If the banning of totalitarians was confirmed then those in the employ of the partnership would be told to go within three months, and there would probably be a test for new entrants.

After a long discussion a vote was taken and by a majority of only one it was decided that the ban on Communists alone should be withdrawn. Three hours later, after a long and vigorous debate, it was decided by a vote of 60 to 41 that a new ban should be brought into force against Communists, Fascists and any other form of totalitarianists.

It was also agreed that the department of personnel should have printed on its stationery some such words as: "The partnership is democratic in the true British sense of the word. Any advantages are not for totalitarianists of any kind."

As soon as the news was made known the Daily Express, despite the fact that John Lewis is one of its biggest advertisers, described the decision as lamentable.

"Here," declared the Express, "is political intolerance spreading from the Government and the Civil Service into business life. Where will it end? Today the hunt may be confined to one or two unpopular political parties. But how quickly it can spread to the petty persecution of unpopular religious and racial groups!"

There the issue confronts us with stark simplicity. Can we suppress a minority opinion, no matter how offensive it may be, and at the same time maintain freedom of speech, freedom of thought and freedom of worship? Can we restrict the liberty of the individual without restricting the liberty of the whole community?

The Power of the Public

There is not only a logical case for suppression but tragic proof in Europe that totalitarians have used their liberty to plan the subjugation of their fellow citizens. In the years before the war we treated Germany and Italy as if they were democracies like Britain, France and the U. S., instead of branding them as enemies of peace. Even under the last Czars revolutionary writers were allowed to undermine the existing order and prepare the way for the Communist tyranny.

In short, why pretend that by treating a tiger with kindness it will become a harmless, overgrown cat?

In the House of Commons in 1940 I reluctantly urged the suppression of the Communist Daily Worker newspaper because we were at war and because that paper (Russia had joined Germany as a noncombatant partner) was damaging the nation's war effort. I hated to do it, for the freedom of the press is in my very blood, but war is totalitarian in itself and democracy becomes impossible in any country when it is being waged. The Daily Worker was duly suppressed and rightly so.

Now the same paper is in full blast again and doing as much damage as lies within its power. Every unofficial strike has its enthusiastic and automatic support. Any bullet fired against a British soldier in Malaya is from the rifle of a patriot. In its columns every employer is a cruel exploiter and every shareholder a drone.

Then would I again urge its suppression? Frankly, I would not. With equal frankness let me admit that I

would unhesitatingly ban the Daily Worker if there was a general strike, fomented by Communists, to paralyze the life of the nation.

The answer to Communism is neither suppression nor arrests. There I think the British are handling the problem better than the Americans. The Dean of Canterbury is a Red propagandist, but although the Anglican Church is officially allied to the State no one suggests defrocking the old boy.

At least 50 Communists will run for Parliament at the next election. Three of them may be elected, but it is equally probable that only one will be successful. In the various council elections held in May more than 200 Communists ran and were almost completely wiped out with a contemptuous trickle of votes.

There you see the real weapon which Communism cannot meet — public opinion. It is far better for the people to reject the Communists at the poll than for the police to arrest them or for John Lewis to dismiss them.

To Choose Right Weapons

Nor will our universities imitate the University of Washington which, in January of this year, dismissed three professors who were accused of past or present membership in the Communist Party.

You might then ask why the western world is uniting and arming if Communism is not to be fought with physical strength. Such a question would only show how confused we have become through propaganda. The West is not arming against Communism—for bullets have never yet killed an idea—but against Russian expansionism which is using Communism as a disrupting process to prepare the way for the Red Army.

We must be ready to meet and destroy the Red Army if it overflows its frontiers, but if we had a million atomic bombs we could not destroy the virus of Communism.

So I come back to the laboratory experiment of the British. Rightly or wrongly we believe that Communism can only be conquered by the creation and development of a way of life which gains the approval of the vast majority of the people. In other words, Communism is a foul growth that needs the damp and the dark. It cannot exist in the sunlight.

What made Communism possible? Not the capitalist system which is inherently democratic but the abuses of capitalism which caused the extremes of poverty and wealth. If the Conservatives win the next election in Britain we shall strive to move steadily toward a way of life in which these extremes will not be possible, where there will be rewards for talent and enterprise but where the main impulse will be the steady raising of the standard of living for the majority.

On earth peace, good will to men . . . those words ring out across the centuries and show us the only way. The war of Christendom against atheism, of freedom against slavery, of democracy against totalitarianism cannot be won by adopting the very methods which we denounce.

I am glad that Eisler was discharged from Bow Street a free man and I deplore the actions of the John Lewis Partnership for instituting a witch hunt among its employees.

Let us create a fair and full life for our people, let all nations of good will combine for peace, let us kill intolerance in our own hearts—and Communism will pale and disappear like the blackness of night at the approach of dawn. ★

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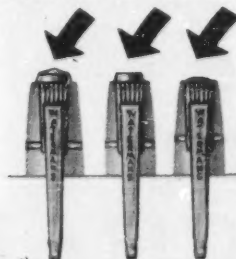
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40
YEARS OF
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HEINZ VINEGARS

57

The Man Who Wouldn't Tell

Continued from page 19

Magic is a woman, and her soul is secrecy. And you'd sell her soul."

"That's highfalutin talk, Julian. Come down to earth."

Kyd shook his head, the faintest of smiles on his saturnine countenance.

"Look, Julian," Paget said soberly, "I can't let you go starving along. If you'll listen to reason I'll pay you that hundred right now."

It was then Kyd's temper stirred, sending a dull flush into his cheeks.

"Stop it," he snapped. "I'll never expose."

And he paced from the office and from the shop. Paget followed, watching him cross the street to his rattletrap car. His shoulders were rigid, and for a moment he seemed like some haughty sorcerer from an earlier century; you could imagine him wearing an Inverness cape.

A WEEK passed without his returning and Paget became worried, for by one of those obscure psychological processes always at work in human relationships he had grown to feel responsible for the man. Then one morning he received a letter from Billy Morgan, a show-business acquaintance who owned a carnival wintering on the Nevada desert. This was March; in two weeks the carnival would take to the road; and Morgan was looking for a magician. He would pay twenty-five a week, board and lodging. Paget wired he was sending a man, and set out to find Kyd.

He found him in a back-street lodging house, in a dark hole of a room. His body looked thinner, his face gaunt. Paget outlined the carnival offer, and then, lying in a good cause, he produced fifty dollars, announcing that it was a salary advance from Morgan.

"Thanks," Kyd said, "I was getting hungry."

Next morning Paget returned and helped Kyd load his belongings into the jalopy. He seemed in fine spirits. And the last thing, before they shook hands good-by, Kyd presented his notebooks to Paget.

"They might get lost, knocking around with that carnival. Keep them in your safe. I know I can trust you."

Kyd drove away. And that was the last Wally Paget ever saw of him. He didn't arrive at the carnival in Nevada. He simply vanished. At the end of a week Paget reported his disappearance to the authorities, and a leisurely search was conducted by the police of two states. They discovered no trace of the man or of his car.

Paget waited, while the 1930's creaked along, always hopeful that some day he would hear a step at his office threshold and turn to see Julian Kyd standing there, that man of night and mystery. But he never came again. A decade passed and finally Paget prepared those amazing notebooks for the printer, publishing them as "The Secrets of Julian Kyd." They rocked the world of magic. Already Kyd had been legendary, but now he joined the immortals of legerdemain, such giants as Robert Houdin and Bautier De Kolta and Professor Hoffmann.

KYD had been happy that morning, driving through the citrus groves toward San Bernardino. His money worries were over; the carnival job would be easy; he could spend the summer lost from reality among his dreams of future miracles that were now only half shaped in his brain. It

was more than four hundred miles to Coyote Wells, the Nevada town where the carnival wintered, but he was in no hurry; he chugged along slowly through the soft March morning.

He had held out against Paget; he had not abandoned his lofty standards and exposed his secrets; and that made him feel fine, too. And he felt even finer as he labored over Cajon Pass and reached the bright plateau of the Mojave Desert, for the clear air was exhilarating.

Heretofore his experience with the desert had been confined to glances from a transcontinental train; he had thought it a dreary waste; but now in the spring color was everywhere. From a bright blue sky the sun shone pleasantly warm; the distant mountains were delicate with pastel blues and greys; and the road raced ahead for miles through a landscape of golden brown and golden tan. But it was the air which charmed him most; that air as dry and sparkling and stimulating as the finest of wines in the thinnest of crystal glasses.

Late in the afternoon, well beyond Barstow, he crested a rise and saw spread before him a valley as extensive as a New England county. There were mountains far to the east, and in the rays from the low sun they smoldered with all the hot colors of the spectrum. Even as he watched they changed to more subtle hues of dying rose and cool elfin blue; they looked unearthly and mystical; and for a second it seemed to Kyd that off in those deep distances you might find a never-never land of lost, enchanted cities where white-robed men had unveiled the final mystery.

Swift velvet darkness had come by the time Kyd reached a village; and at a lunch counter he studied his road map. He caught an inkling then of the desert's vastness. After traveling all day he had crawled on the map only a few inches from Los Angeles; and still on the map he noted great areas of blank space—unmarked and unexplored space. His forefinger traced the highway to a Nevada town called Cartright, at the apex of an inverted V, and back to his destination, Coyote Wells; and then he discerned that the inverted V was actually an A, with a secondary road as a crossbar. If driveable that short cut would save him a hundred miles.

He curled up in his car that night to save money, and he awakened at dawn as if from a king's couch, after a sleep deep and dreamless. The dry purity of the desert had shot tonic into his arteries; he was gloriously hungry; and after a huge breakfast he enquired at a filling station about the crossroad. The attendant assured him that it was passable, although unpaved and seldom used. Kyd bought gas, receiving three silver dollars in change.

"You're close to Nevada now," the attendant said. "So you'll get silver instead of bills."

One of the dollars snagged Kyd's attention. It was mirror-bright, the milling sharp, as if stamped fresh from a mint; but the date was 1901. Near the rim a tiny hole had been drilled; perhaps the dollar had been threaded with ribbon and worn like a locket. On this morning getting such a coin seemed a lucky omen, and he slipped it into his vest pocket.

Early that afternoon, in another gigantic valley, he reached the crossroad. A pointing sign, weathered, said "Coyote Wells." He hesitated, suddenly reluctant to leave the main turnpike, but at last he turned off and followed the sandy road for mile after twisting mile.

It led him into strange country; a

Continued on page 32

edge he halted, and shielding his eyes slipped from the car. The water was no mirage. The water was water. He lay on his stomach, drinking his fill.

But when he arose and swayed back to the car he let out a yell of outrage and astonishment. For the car was visibly sinking into the earth. Already the sands by the stream had engulfed it to the hub caps. Kyd plunged behind the wheel, started the motor and with the gears in reverse jabbed down on the gas. The car rocked; the wheels spun and churned; but this only increased the downsuck into the quicksand.

Forty minutes later, when the wind abated, only the roof of the jalopy remained in sight. And Kyd stood hating the desert with a fathomless hate; and at last, lugging the one suitcase he had salvaged, he stumbled toward the road. When he reached it he hesitated, undecided. He knew what was back there, the way he had come; enormous sweeps of emptiness. So he pressed ahead, hopeless, convinced he would stumble by and by, and fall, and creep, and lie. But that didn't happen. Within five minutes he rounded a curve and beheld two burros tethered outside a shack. Kyd shouted, broke into a run.

From the shack a man emerged. He was long, lean, sixtyish, with frosty stubble and bright blue eyes.

"Hello, neighbor," he called. "Looks like you're a long way from home."

Kyd didn't drop and kiss his boots, but he felt like doing it.

THE man's name was Lew Varley, and he termed his occupation as scratching around. Although as loquacious as he was hospitable he kept everything vague; and it took Kyd some minutes to deduce that by scratching around he meant prospecting for gold.

"Lucky you found me," Varley said. "Tomorrow I'm packing out of here."

"Where are you going?"

"Over yonder."

Varley's gnarled hand swept half the horizon.

"Is Coyote Wells over there?"

"Nope. Nothing over there, a thousand miles of nothing. But I figure to find me something over there."

"How far is it back to Coyote Wells?"

"I ain't measured it. But it's a good piece. I got me supplies there, last month. Took me ten days each way. And not a neighbor between here and there. And no neighbors the other way, neither. Yep—lucky you found me."

Kyd had eaten heartily, and now they were sitting outside the shack. He asked:

"Which road should I have taken at the forks to get to Coyote Wells?"

Varley scratched his stubbled chin and smiled.

"Can't say. Me, I never take roads. Just strike off across country. Like it better, somehow."

Kyd wondered how much Varley was going to charge to conduct him back to civilization, and he pondered the best way to broach the subject. The man's price might be high, since he had planned to leave tomorrow on a prospecting trek. He decided to postpone mentioning the matter till they were better acquainted; meanwhile he would try to get into Varley's good graces; and with that in mind he brought a deck of cards from his pocket and said, "Take a card."

It was a simple trick, but its effect on Varley was overwhelming. This old hermit, it transpired, had never witnessed a magic performance, and he was amazed and delighted. "Well I'm dogged!" he kept exclaiming, and he urged, "do another."

Kyd performed for an hour, with cards and coins.

"That's wonderful—it's just real wonderful," the old fellow declared; and then, eyes bright, he said, "Say! I'll bet you could bring me back my lucky coin!"

"I'm not so sure about that."

"Of course you could! It was a 1901 dollar, with a hole in it. Belonged to my wife. Used to wear it as a locket, 1901 being the year we got hitched. After she died I carried it for luck, but last month in Coyote Wells dogged if I didn't get drunk and spend it."

Kyd's heart leaped. A 1901 dollar with a hole; he had received just such a coin yesterday at that filling station. He was staggered. Varley had spent it a month ago; it had passed from hand to hand and from desert town to desert town; and chance, pure lucky chance, had given it to him. He had it now, in his vest pocket. Here was the opportunity of which every magician dreamed: the opportunity to perform a miracle that could not possibly be accounted for by natural means.

As these thoughts raced through his mind he slipped out the coin; it lay snug in his palm; and now he reached behind Varley's ear and produced it, bright and sparkling.

"You had it all the time, behind your ear," he smiled.

Varley looked dumfounded; his fingers trembled as they took the dollar. He stared at it; and at last he stammered, "I'm—I'm dogged, that's all. I'm just dogged! How did you do it?"

"That would be telling."

"Well, it's beyond me," Varley sighed, slowly shaking his head. "It sure beats me."

KYD went inside then, napping for an hour, and after that, on the porch, he broached the matter of Varley's guiding him to Coyote Wells. "Shucks," Varley said, "you could make it alone."

A shiver brushed Kyd's spine. "I certainly couldn't."

"Sure you could! I'll outfit you with grub and water."

"I'd get lost. I'd die."

"Not you! A fellow that can do the stuff you do—"

"Those are just tricks."

"Tricks, are they? More like miracles, if you ask me. How did you do them?"

"I can't tell you that."

Varley gazed off into the infinite distances, scratching his chin, and finally he said:

"Here's what I'll do. I shouldn't take the time, but I will. You've got me so all-fired curious that I'll guide you to Coyote Wells if you'll tell me how you did them tricks."

"No!" Kyd exclaimed.

"Why not? I do something for you, you do something for me. Ain't that fair enough?"

"I've never exposed magic and I never intend to."

Varley shrugged. "Suit yourself."

Kyd realized then that he had a dreadful decision to make. He said:

"Look here. I'd get lost trying to find my way to Coyote Wells. You've got to take me."

"You wouldn't get lost. But if you're worried about that, why not come with me? I could use a partner, and that vein I'm after is rich enough for us both."

Kyd stared out at the interminable expanses of rock and sand and bare mountains and bare sky.

"No," he said quietly, "not for me. I hate the desert."

"And I love her," Varley chuckled. "Funny, ain't it, how men are different?"

Kyd spent a bad afternoon; very

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Continued from page 30
stripped, bony country, ravaged by too much light. Once he skirted an alkali flat—the chalky corpse of some prehistoric lake—and it gave him an uncanny feeling to think how this monstrous valley floor had once been buried under water. There were mountains on either side, towering masses of erosion, and as he drove they pressed closer. The road floundered wearily upward, finally snaking through a gap, bringing into view a valley so immense, so unpeopled, so locked in

solitude, that his first instinct was to turn back; and he halted the car.

NOTHING moved out there; nothing that lived; only a light wind that stirred three separate alkali flats. Hooded with dust, they weirdly looked as if they were exhaling white vapors. But those arid lakes, although miles broad, were inconsequential in the magnitude of this place. Mountains bounded the far side, a lifeless, interminable range, as jagged and fire-scarred as cinders dumped from a

colossal ash bucket by some Vulcan ten miles tall.

Kyd considered his position. The jalopy's speedometer was broken, but he estimated he had already come twenty miles from the turnpike. It seemed senseless to turn back, yielding to the uneasiness incited by desolation and solitude. He drove on.

The road, already rough, became abominable as it curled down into the valley; the jalopy hobbled along in low gear; and after two hours Kyd had advanced scarcely a third of the

way toward the far mountain wall. He was beginning to worry, but he kept grinding along, feeling tiny as an ant on a gymnasium floor. Except for the dwarfed, barbed vegetation he encountered no living thing; not a man, not a jack rabbit, not even a buzzard in the glaring immensity of sky. The sun was lower, the jalopy's shadow elongated; and the far mountains, daubed with red light, might have been burned-out volcanoes in some forgotten wastes of hell. And then, out there in the middle of sterility, the road forked.

The fork had three prongs: left, right and straight ahead. Kyd cut the motor and stepped from the car, into a silence so absolute that he could hear his own heartbeats. He puzzled over the three roads; so far as he could ascertain they were equally wretched; and then he discovered a road sign.

Nailed to a crooked stick, it had been blown to the ground; dim letters with a pointing arrow said "Coyote Wells." Evidently it had stood just at the fork, on the left of the road, and when upright its message had doubtless been plain enough. But now it was impossible to deduce which of those three rutted trails the arrow had indicated.

Already the mountains had turned cold purple; shadows were slinking everywhere; and Kyd decided to wait here till morning. Perhaps a car would come along. He went to sleep thirsty and hungry; after three hours he awakened, shivering cold; and somewhere nearby in the dead blacks of night coyotes were howling their old, mournful plaints.

DAYBREAK cheered him. He studied the map and the sun, computing where Coyote Wells must be, and then he drove on, taking the road that led right. Through the mesquite and prickly pear it crawled, roughly paralleling the mountains, slowly winding up a long swell. He was certain Coyote Wells lay over that ridge.

But Coyote Wells didn't. Nothing lay beyond; nothing.

He stopped, then, and measured his gas; and he realized at once that he would exhaust his supply if he turned back and tried for the main highway he had left yesterday. So he jogged on, gambling that Coyote Wells lay somewhere ahead; and presently the wind stirred. A light breeze at first. Then a stronger breeze. Descending from the ridge he could see several distant whirlwinds playing games with the sand. The road curved toward low bluffs, but before he reached them the wind strengthened and within minutes it was blowing a gale.

The wind would have been all right, alone. Nothing wrong with the wind. But the trouble was the skin of the earth was loose skin, sandy; and the wind as it raced along whipped and scooped the sand, flinging it by the handful and the shovelful against the jalopy. And this produced an odd phenomenon on the windshield; the glass blistered; the glass was sand-blasted, so he could not see through.

Kyd halted. Eyes slitted, he peered into the storm; and he saw what he couldn't believe. Flowing snugly against that low bluff he saw a rill of water, with dwarf cottonwoods. A mirage? But who ever heard of a mirage in a sandstorm? He opened the car door; the wind grabbed at him and would have blinded him, choked him, hurled him a thousand miles, if he hadn't ducked back inside.

It looked calmer over in the lee of the bluff, and his tongue was hot with thirst. The ground appeared solid. He shifted into low, turned off the road and rocked toward the stream. At the



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The Amazing Mechanical Kidney

Continued from page 21

nitrogens are the ashes left behind in the body after the combustion of protein food, just as ashes are left behind in the furnace after the combustion of fuel. If these ashes aren't removed the body stops functioning. The cavities of the body, such as the space in the abdomen around the intestines, fill with fluid and the bloodstream becomes polluted.

Under the pressure of all this disorder the damaged kidney struggles to repair itself. If it doesn't succeed uremia follows. The patient loses consciousness and begins to have convulsions which can be terrifying in their violence. If he has chronic kidney trouble his already permanently damaged kidneys probably will never recover their function, but if he falls into the category of the no-previous-trouble, his chances are good.

Heparin Was the Key

The idea of an artificial kidney has been occurring to Murray, as it has to many men, since the first time he watched a patient dying of uremia and was struck by the truth that if sufficient time could be gained there might be recovery. He tried, in 1936, the experiments that were in vogue then. Doctors were running the blood of laboratory animals with damaged kidneys through the body of another animal with healthy kidneys, using the one normal set of kidneys to serve two bodies. Murray was successful in this cross-transfusion, using animals of different species, but he abandoned the experiments as being too risky.

In the U. S. this method was actually attempted with human beings, but, because of the obvious danger of the healthy person becoming infected, the experiments ceased.

Attempts to design a synthetic kidney were begun in 1913 by a Johns Hopkins man, Dr. J. J. Abel. Experiments were tried in 1915, 1923 and 1938 without sufficient success to permit their use on humans.

What early researchers lacked was a pure form of heparin, an agent which prevents the clotting of blood. Without it all attempts to work with the blood outside of the body were useless because blood clots jammed any tubing.

After heparin had been purified by researchers at the University of Toronto the artificial kidney became possible. Murray had a head start on other scientists in this field because he was the surgeon who first worked with purified heparin and determined how much should be used for various types of blood vessel surgery which heparin made possible.

His work in this field was so brilliant that he became the second Canadian to be granted a Hunterian professorship in the Royal College of Surgeons and in 1939 he went to England to lecture on heparin and vascular surgery. The only other Canadian to be granted this honor at that time was Dr. W. E. Gallie. There has been one other Canadian so honored since.

At least four different types of artificial kidneys have been designed since the purifying of heparin, of which two are markedly superior. One is Murray's and the other was developed by Dr. W. J. Kolff, a Dutch scientist who scored a world beat during the wartime occupation of Europe. He began using his apparatus on patients in 1943 but word of his success was not received here until

some time after the war. Murray's kidney was first on this continent.

All four kidneys differ radically in appearance but their theory is the same. In practice they have not enjoyed similar success, but this is not considered a fair method of comparison, since the condition of the patient is a large factor in survival.

The New York Academy of Medicine Bulletin recently reported that Kolff had had five survivals out of 31 patients; American Dr. N. Alwall, five deaths out of five; Americans A. G. L. Bywaters and A. M. Joekes, two survivals out of 10. Murray's record is five out of 11.

No Strings on the Kidney

While it is considered unethical to compare the two except in the broadest of generalities, it is a matter of record that Murray is able to obtain a higher proportion of nonprotein nitrogens than Kolff and his apparatus is more compact. Kolff's blood-cleaning solution is contained in a wooden vat slightly larger than a bathtub.

There are now three artificial kidneys in Canada (Kolff kidneys at Montreal and Vancouver; Murray kidney in Toronto) and no one knows, particularly their inventors, how many there are in existence elsewhere.

Murray has sent out specifications of his kidney following requests from all over the world. He has reason to believe there are Murray kidneys in Tel Aviv, New Delhi, Peiping and Cape Town; he is fairly certain of one in Germany.

A hydraulic engineer and a doctor came to Toronto from Buffalo, N. Y., to study Murray's machine and produce a replica in Buffalo. The Ford Hospital in Detroit, Mich., and the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., each have a copy of Murray's kidney.

Two manufacturing companies have written him their intention of putting his kidney on a commercial basis with copies going at \$600 each. This flabbergasted Murray.

"You can build one of these for \$60," he observes dryly. "The most expensive part is the little motor, which cost me \$50. The rest of the stuff would amount to about \$10."

Murray, in the manner of the highest type of scientist, has given his kidney freely, with no royalties or other commercial strings attached. The companies which are preparing to manufacture it feel beholden to him only to the degree that they keep him posted on their progress. Sir Frederick Banting gave insulin in the same manner.

He Worked at the Banting

Murray had to pay for his research himself. In the three years of actual laboratory work that it took for him to accomplish his goal, he spent about \$10,000. He hired two assistants and paid their salaries himself. Some months his laboratory supplies cost him as high as \$700.

Asked by friends at his Toronto tennis club, where he plays a few sets every week, why he bothered to work on a new discovery when he realized nothing from it, Murray was confused. "I can't answer that," he said after some thought. "Whenever I come across something that needs to be done, I feel that I have to find out about it—try to do it. I can't shrug off a mystery and forget it. It rankles."

Murray was able to borrow space in which to work in the Banting Institute, directly across the street from the Toronto General. Throughout his research period he maintained one of the heaviest practices of any Canadian surgeon. It was during this time that

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bad; and that evening, after the lamp was lighted, and supper eaten, he made his decision.

"Okay," he said, "you win. I never thought I'd give in, but I will. I'll explain my tricks, and you'll take me to Coyote Wells."

"Fair enough," Varley said, "though I shouldn't take the time. But I agreed to, and I ain't never broken my word yet. Now fire away with them tricks."

So Kyd exposed. There in the lamp-light Julian Kyd, the implacable enemy of magic exposers, told all. And it was as he knew it would be: a mystery explained was a dusty commonplace; Varley felt let down and disappointed.

"Why," he said, "there ain't nothing to it."

"The best tricks are simple."

"How about the way you brought back my lucky coin? How did you do that?"

Kyd explained. But this time Varley looked still puzzled.

"But that ain't reasonable," he protested. "You don't expect me to believe you just happened to get that dollar in change?"

"That's the way it was."

"Oh, no! No. I'll never believe that. There's more to it than that."

That was your best trick, and you're holding out on me."

"But I'm not!"

Varley grinned and winked.

"Now look here, Mister. We made an agreement, and you can't hold out on me. A deal's a deal, and you promised you'd explain. If you won't live up to your agreement, I won't to mine. I won't take you to no Coyote Wells. You can be my partner and come with me."

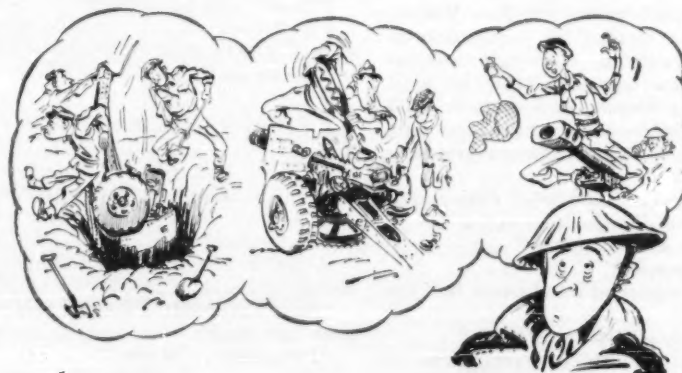
"But man alive! Listen to reason! I—"

Half the night Kyd argued; he offered Varley every cent he possessed, if only he would take him to Coyote Wells; and in the morning—the bright, deceptively enchanted desert morning, with its tonic air and rosy mountains—he still argued. Varley remained adamant; pleasantly so, but adamant. They would start for Coyote Wells at once, he said, if only Kyd would cease his stubbornness and explain the wonderful dollar trick. Otherwise—well—a deal was a deal.

And so it was that after an early breakfast two men and two burros set out in the direction opposite from Coyote Wells.

The summer that followed was exceptionally hot. Many reliable water holes failed. ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE



The Last Shots of the War

WITH a roar that shook the strangely quiet front line the Canadian field artillery of the Fourth Armored Division sent a salvo of 72 rounds into Germany. Celebrating infantry cursed, and stared back at the smoking guns. The war was over, wasn't it?

The war was over. The cease fire had been made official at 8 o'clock that morning, May 5, 1945. But the 15th, 19th and 23rd Field Regiments, in the line north of Oldenburg, had been caught with their guns loaded.

Ready for instant action, the 72 25-pounders were cocked toward the enemy when the gunners heard the happiest news for five years. But each gun had a projectile rammed firmly up its spout.

The order "empty guns" is given whenever a gun is moved. In action, the gunners simply lift the current range 1,000

yards and bowl the shell over to the enemy. (Remember that cartridge and projectile are separate for 25-pounders.)

Now there was no enemy. Divisional Artillery scratched its head, then asked Division for a lead. Division passed the buck to Corps, who handed it on to Army. Army smartly switched it back to Divisional Artillery.

Crossing their fingers, the gunners searched their maps for a likely deserted area and sent out a spotting plane. The three regiments were then given a map reference and the order "empty guns."

Those 72 rounds of high explosive were probably the last shots fired by Canadians in World War II. They were certainly the first fired in the field while gunners and big brass stood by praying that nobody would be hit.

—Kimball McIlroy.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Who's That—Me?

Continued from page 22

of 100 in this particular study because they make a striking contrast—a woman in her early 30's who wasn't right in the head and complained bitterly that she couldn't sleep at all, and a successful and highly respected professional man who said he suffered acutely from insomnia.

Each was tucked into bed in a private room at the university hospital, the motilograph was started, and the night nurse began tiptoeing from one room to the other to see how they were getting on. Next morning the wacky woman reported that as usual she hadn't slept a wink. The professional man, so greatly admired for his sound judgment, claimed he'd only had a few short catnaps, and had spent the whole night tossing and turning like a cork in a whirlpool. The facts were that he had lain normally still and slept for seven and a half hours, and that the woman had slept six hours.

That's how it went for the other 98 people who thought they were suffering from insomnia, and for hundreds of others in similar experiments conducted by other investigators. Some, like the lady whose case we've just noted, were more than a little balmy. Some, like our friend the professional man, were known for their wisdom and good sense. It didn't make the slightest difference when the motilograph was running. Everybody who insisted they didn't sleep a wink actually slept from five to seven hours—and so do you when you think you lie awake all night.

Now, about your voice. Unless you are stone deaf, you've been hearing yourself talk every day since you first learned to say da da and mom mom. Nevertheless, you know rather less about the way you sound to others than you do about the ceremonial clarification of yak butter in Tibet, and listening to yourself on a recording is likely to be an experience that will leave you gaping with astonishment.

That Gravel Voice Is Yours!

Not long ago one of the big Toronto department stores had a Homemakers' Show, and one of the features was a booth fitted with a high-fidelity tape recorder. Visitors came up, said a few words, then had what they said played back for them to hear. I hung around the fringes of the crowd, listening to reactions and watching faces, and there wasn't one experimenter who seemed happy about the result.

On the contrary they were anything from slightly disappointed to downright upset. Most of them stared unbelievably at the loudspeaker when their words came back at them and said, "That isn't me! I don't sound like that . . ." One old lady on the store's cleaning staff was persuaded to talk into the mike the first morning of the show, just before the doors were opened. On hearing herself she screamed, burst into tears, and ran off to hide at the far end of the exhibition floor. A stately matron from the high-rent district, having unbent to the extent of recording a few fashionable words, discovered that she sounded like a crow with croup and stalked away in a queen-sized snit, muttering, "Really, you know, that cawn't possibly be I."

A hard-boiled character who looked like a vice-president of Murder Inc. eagerly grabbed the microphone with the long tobacco-stained fingers of one sinister hand and recited, of all things, the first lines of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Smirking proudly he waited for the playback, but when he heard

it the smirk changed to a curled-lip snarl.

What distressed them all so much, as I found by talking to recorder operators and speech specialists, was that nearly everyone thinks his voice is a couple of tones lower than it actually is, and a great deal more pleasant and clear. Once in a blue moon somebody has the opposite experience, and finds that whereas they've always thought they had a pretty dull and unattractive voice, it's actually low-pitched, charming and as clear as a bell.

If you think you're an exception all you have to do is nip around to the nearest recording studio and put yourself to the test. The average studio will make you a two-minute transcription on one side of an eight-inch record for as little as \$2. You can then take the record home and play it on your own phonograph if you want to. You won't. Unless you're a very remarkable person indeed you'll smash the record to smithereens, and feel sick for days afterward.

The chances are that you're almost as wrong about how much you weigh. Provided you aren't trying to reduce—if you are you can probably call the turn correct to the last ounce—your idea of your weight is definitely mistaken.

How I know is because I once traveled for two weeks with an old gypsy couple, going from one little English country fair to another in a bright red caravan drawn by a dusty white horse—Mrs. Gypsy being a palmist and fortune teller and her husband a professional weight guesser.

When we would get to the fair grounds at Much Sniffing or Tightly Corseted or whatever the name of the village happened to be, my friend rigged up a tripod which supported a bucket seat hanging from a big brass scale and there he was, all set for business. Apple-cheeked youths and buxom lasses would then flock round, giggling helplessly, and accept his hoarsely shouted offer to guess their weight within two pounds or else give them back their threepence and pay them a shilling besides.

At first I couldn't get enough of watching him work, but after a few days I tired of it and wandered around the grounds looking at the other acts instead—the bearded lady, who sometimes asked me in for a cup of tea between shows, or the family of pin-heads on exhibition in a green-and-yellow striped tent next to hers.

The reason I wasn't gripped for long by my gypsy friend's performance was that he never made a mistake, except once in a while when he deliberately guessed wild to avoid the suspicion that his scales were fixed.

His customers almost never failed to say how surprised they were to learn what they actually weighed. Maybe one person in 200 nodded wisely and said yes, that was right. The rest were anything from five to 20 pounds wrong in their idea of their own weight, and my friend had the answers all figured out.

Well, What Do You Weigh?

"The thin ones," he said, "allus think they're 'eavier than wot they reely are—barrin' them as is regular livin' skeletons, and they fancy themselves thinner. Them that's no more'n middlin' bulgy think they're lighter'n they are, and the balloons think they're fatter. Wot does it is partly iggerance, 'cos they don't weigh themselves often enough, but mostly it's vanity. If they ain't too far off carryin' the proper amount of flesh they let on to themselves they're abaht right. If they're 'opeless one way or t'other they get proud of it after a while, and pretend

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he became famous as the "blue baby doctor."

His assistants, Dr. Edmund Delorme of Hamilton and a student biochemist, Newell Thomas, from Vancouver, tell how Murray would slip over to the Institute between operations, stay for perhaps two hours studying the results of the previous day's experiments and laying out the work for that day.

"He is a coldly scientific man," reports Thomas. "Everything had to

be tested a dozen times and a dozen different ways. When something went wrong he would just stare at it for a moment while he worked out some complicated solution in his head."

Murray does his heaviest thinking when he looks as though he's relaxing. His wife thinks the worst problems of the artificial kidney were solved while the doctor was in the garden pruning the roses or turning over the pages of a magazine while waiting for dinner.

"He doesn't yell 'I've got it!'" she says. "He just looks pleased for a moment and goes back to what he was doing."

The first problem presented by the artificial kidney was the finding of a method of injecting heparin into the blood as it left the body on its way through the system.

The next was the major matter of the tubing which is suspended in the bath. It had to resemble, as much as possible, the filtering

membrane of the human kidney. The tubing available was ordinary sausage casing, about an inch in diameter, which Murray considered too coarse.

He wrote to all the large chemical companies, such as Dupont, asking them to supply him with a small-bore substitute, but without success. Finally a smaller company, the Visking Corporation of Chicago, undertook to fill the order.

The cellulose tubing, which Murray calls a membrane, thus obtained was one quarter of an inch in diameter and contained pores sufficiently small to retain the large molecules and hormones of the blood and yet large enough to permit the exit into the solution of the crystalloids, the nonprotein nitrogen substances and the toxic poisons normally drawn off the kidneys.

A Pump to Help the Heart

"This membrane is the vital part of the kidney," Murray says. "It actually is the kidney and the rest is supplementary. In a sense, the membrane causes the blood to urinate."

Murray began by bathing the blood, encased in the sausage casing, in warm tap water, but this caused experimental animals to suffer shock, collapse and then die within a few minutes. It was decided to balance the solution by surrounding the membrane with some of the normal substances found in the blood. When the chlorides, calcium, magnesium, potassium, sodium, phosphate, carbonate and sugar were balanced in turn, animals survived.

It was found that a pump was necessary to aid the heart which might break down under the strain of pushing blood through an extra 150 feet of tubes. The pump which finally worked has a rubber drum which is inflated and deflated by the action of a pistol-syringe attached to a motor. This sucks the blood from the body and pushes it through the tubing of the artificial kidney at a rate of 150 feet an hour, a speed which enables it to clean all the blood in the body of a big man in three hours.

Other difficulties which had to be worked out were the air trap, a system of vertical open glass tubes which catch air bubbles in the blood, and the thermostat-controlled heating arrangement, which keeps the solution warmer than the blood. The purpose of the latter is to allow for the blood's cooling in the tubes.

This "Circumstantial Evidence"

Throughout his research, which would have exhausted many normal men, Murray continued operating nearly every day—difficult and nerve-racking operations. "Sometimes he sighs for something simple like an appendectomy," smiles his wife. "He can't remember his last one."

Medical opinion, while something less than enthusiastic, has swung to the belief that the artificial kidney is here to stay. Says a recent editorial in a medical journal: "The circumstantial evidence appears to be in favor of the opinion that . . . the artificial kidney results in temporary improvement which may perhaps make survival possible."

Murray grins at such reservations and continues to lecture all over the continent on his kidney with great intensity. His talks are accompanied by charts and photographs, shown on lantern slides, of his first patient. He'll never forget her, for she proved that a theory he had held for 20 years was right.

She'll never forget him either. ★

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before somewhere, but I couldn't place him. After we passed I turned back for a second look. He did the same thing. He stared at me, and I stared at him, and we both frowned the way you do when you're trying to remember something.

Then we decided we probably had met before and that we'd better say hello and apologize for staring. So we did, but it turned out we couldn't have met because he was a stranger just arrived in town, and lived in a city where I'd never been.

I guess we'd still be puzzling over the thing if he hadn't spotted a big mirror behind me on the landing. He grabbed me by the shoulder.

"Look!" he said. "Look at us! No wonder we thought we'd seen one another before—we're doubles!"

And we were. We might have been identical twins. We stood gaping at ourselves in that ancient fly-specked mirror, and the longer we gaped the more exactly alike we looked. If we'd been dressed alike too I doubt whether I could have been sure which of us was which without wiggling my hand.

Perhaps you'll meet your doublesome day. If you do it's dollars to doughnuts you'll feel the same way about it. Your first reaction, to that or any other experience of yourself as other people see you, will be a heartfelt cry of amazement—"That isn't me!" ★

The Port of Bloodstained Gold

Continued from page 17

mission. In his first rage the head of the syndicate, who had 5,000 armed men under his command, threatened to send an expeditionary force to wipe out all trace of both the village and its inhabitants.

The Macao authorities were in a quandary; the colony's laws do not provide for capital punishment, yet obviously the surviving pirate could not be allowed to live. He was completely uninjured (the casts being merely a device to immobilize him), and it was finally agreed the only solution would be to turn him loose some night after the affair had subsided and shoot him down in the act of "escaping."

This is the dark environment in which gold, and funds to buy it, finds its way into Asia. Though black-market gold exports are illegal in most countries, gold flows along a well-defined air lane—from Washington and Europe to the Middle East, thence across India to Bangkok, then by amphibious plane to the smelters of Macao. From there the smugglers take over openly. Hardly a junction along the golden spillway is free from the stain of blood and crime.

Perhaps the most spectacular crime in the annals of the gold traffic was the great Bangkok gold robbery of May 12, 1948. On the evening of the 11th a Dutch KLM plane had landed 38 boxes of bullion weighing 43,000 troy ounces (1¾ tons). The gold had to be transhipped by amphibious plane to Macao as the Portuguese colony has no landing field.

Two Million in Gold—Gone!

When the flying boat failed to arrive the boxes were taken under guard from Don Muang field to the bank vaults in Bangkok, 16 miles away. The shipment was worth \$2 millions—one of the biggest ever made by air.

At 5.30 on the morning of the 12th a truck left Bangkok for the airfield, carrying the bullion. Guarding it were nine police with tommy guns and an escorting sedan which traveled 100 yards behind carrying the American insurance agent in charge of the treasure.

Suddenly, in the predawn mist, a truck sideways across the highway blocked passage from canal to canal. When the driver of the gold vehicle screeched to a halt 30 men in police and military uniforms appeared from the shadows.

"Inspecting for contraband," barked a police lieutenant. In the time it took to say that the nine armed guards found guns in their faces. The occu-

pants of the truck and the escort car were whisked to the roadside and handcuffed to trees. The holdup gang drove off.

Two million dollars worth of pure gold had vanished in the mists.

What happened later was equally fantastic.

An hour after the holdup a police sergeant on his way to work saw a group of men shifting boxes from one truck to another. When he approached the trucks roared off, and on the ground behind them lay three cases containing \$150,000 in gold.

Siam's efficient police went to work. In a goldsmith's shop they found four bars in the melting pot, and after a 48-hour search dug up another 30 bars in a drain behind the shop. They traced the holdup cars to a military barracks. Arrest followed arrest.

Gold Goes Back Underground

One Siamese RAF officer made a complete confession of his part in the affair. A second gold merchant was taken into custody and then a company commander of the Seventh Infantry Battalion, Capt. Kamol Chomsong-nere.

Unbelievable as it may seem, the police and military uniforms in the robber band were genuine. Capt. Chomsongnere led police to an ice factory and showed them where he had hidden 17 cases of gold bullion in the condensing pipes.

Altogether the police recovered 22 boxes of gold—60% of the shipment.

There was evidence to burn against the conspirators, but rumors began that this was no ordinary highway robbery. There were references to a retired inspector of police, a high officer in the Siamese Army, and to others in the *coup d'état* clique which in 1947 put Premier Phibun Songgram in power. At any rate, in May, 1949, charges were still pending against 20 prisoners—and there had been no trials.

Until May, 1947, Hong Kong was legally the world capital of the free gold market. Virtually all bullion not sold through official channels to the United States Treasury went through Hong Kong. Then the colony prohibited gold imports and the traffic went underground.

Neighboring Macao (which, as one cynic observed, "lives on everyone's misfortunes") promptly legalized gold shipments under license. The treasurer of the colony sold licenses in units of 50,000 ounces of gold and permitted license holders to farm out permits to small operators. The Portuguese charged \$9 Hong Kong an ounce for the license and in addition required licensees to deposit a bond which could be used by the colonial government without interest payments and refunded upon fulfillment of deliveries.

Macao became an important point in the Far Eastern traffic because

Are you in the know?

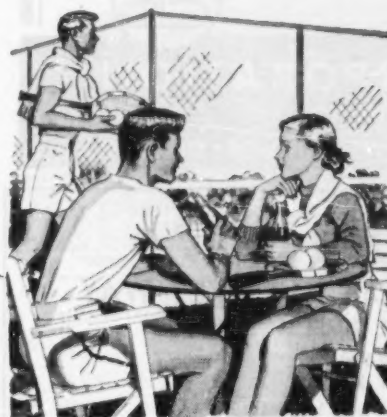


How to get to the dance floor smoothly?

- ☐ You walk ahead ☐ He leads the way ☐ You both go arm-in-arm

It's a l-o-n-g trek from your table if you aren't sure who follows whom. When you rise to rumba, your date won't expect an "after you" routine. Walk ahead! Knowing what to do is such a comfort. As to calendar-time poise and comfort, you can be 'way ahead of the

sad-eyed sisters who haven't discovered new Kotex. For naturally, you'd choose this napkin: this new, downy softness that holds its shape! So naturally, you'd stay more comfortable. Just as Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.



If he's talkative, what's your cue?

- ☐ Lend both ears ☐ Keep one eye on the field ☐ Plan tomorrow's schedule

What if he is chatter-happy. He's talking to you, so listen . . . without a roving eye, or daydreams; or tapping tattoos on the table. Boys are people . . . they like to be appreciated. And the best-rated fillies never forget it. They're also the gals who (on difficult days) never forget to choose Kotex. They've found Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies, suited to their different needs . . . and the exclusive safety centre gives extra protection. What girl wouldn't appreciate that?

When your suntan starts fading—

- ☐ Get back in the swim ☐ Get in the pink ☐ Get a sun lamp

As your fancy turns to fall fashions—don't let your waning sun-tan give you a last-rose-of-summer look. Use a pink-tinted makeup base and powder. (Fall-minded lipstick and "paw print" too). Then you'll blend better with autumn togs. You know, you can wear any smooth new outfit, any day, without misgivings . . . once you've learned to trust to Kotex. The special, flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. So . . . fade "those" fears with new Kotex!



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they're worse nor they are. People as is ordinary-sized don't know wot they weigh because they ain't interested."

He looked at me, and suddenly grinned all over his wrinkled brown face. "I needn't tell you them rules don't 'old good for wimmin as much as they do for men. When wimmin don't weigh somewhere close to wot they would if they was film stars they generally don't get on no scales unless there's nobody lookin'. My missus ain't ventured near these 'ere ones of mine for years."

I asked what about him (he was a stout swag-bellied old fellow with a chest like a barrel of flour), and he flushed and said he hadn't bothered to weigh himself since he was a young man. I said I supposed it wasn't worth while because he could always guess correctly, and he brightened and said "of course." Then I asked him what his guess would be.

He ran his hands lightly over himself the way he did with the men customers and any girls who looked as if they wouldn't object, said he'd go 15 stone 2 (meaning 212 pounds), waddled across to the scales and sat down. They registered 219. The seven-pound mistake was particularly embarrassing because seven pounds high or low is about the average error of people who aren't professional weight guessers—including, most likely, you.

When I told a psychiatrist I know—he's a high official of Canada's National Committee for Mental Hygiene—about the gypsy's theory of weight mistakes, he agreed completely. And he agreed also people made the same errors about their own height.

It has been found that although pint-sized men usually add an inch or two to their height they think of themselves as shorter than they are. So do itty-bitty women in the 4 ft. 10 ins. to 5 ft. bracket. But whereas short men hate being short and secretly underestimate themselves out of a kind of self-pity, little women love it and do the same thing for exactly opposite reasons.

The sexes have different attitudes toward being very tall, too. Six-foot girls tend to think of themselves as 5 ft. 10 ins. or maybe a shade less, because their towering height doesn't attract most men. Men who actually stand a scant 5 ft. 11 in their socks, on the other hand, nearly always consider themselves strapping six-footers; and when genuine six-footers think about their own height they seldom fail to count the extra inch their heels add. Middle-sized men think they're an inch or two taller than they really are, and women of average height go around under the impression they're shorter.

In virtually every case wot does it, as my gypsy chum would say, is vanity—simple, natural, built-in vanity. Tallness is usually a social asset to a man, rating him the carefully concealed envy and respect of men who aren't tall and the open admiration of girls of all sizes, so he kids himself up. It usually isn't an asset to a woman, so she kids herself down. And there you are, and unless you're a specially well-adjusted type I do mean you.

Now let's take your idea of how fast you walk, which you're probably wrong about too. A surprisingly large number of men are firmly convinced their normal walking speed is four miles an hour (women know they're going to drive or take a bus or streetcar and just don't care). Repeated checks have shown that four miles an hour, far from being normal, is unusual. The average man doesn't walk much more than half that fast (2½ to 2¾ m.p.h.) in the city, and seldom tops a moderate three even when he's out in the country striding along for exercise. Wes McVicar, physical director of

Toronto's Central YMCA, confirms this.

If you find the difference between the four-mile myth and the facts a bit hard to believe, remember the old 30-inch pace, at 120 to the minute, which you had to keep up mile after mile in the services. Remember how tough it was until you got used to it? Well, that pace, the standard marching speed of the services, works out at less than three and a half miles an hour—3.409 to be exact.

The final piece of self-ignorance we'll deal with is the matter of how you look. There's no need to go into the effect of personal vanity—it's been obvious ever since our shaggy ancestors leaned over a pool of still water and said to themselves: "What a lovely low forehead! What beautiful matted hair! What magnificent dull yellow teeth! How charmingly that long lower lip droops! What a nice flat nose!"

But would you recognize yourself if you met yourself on the street? My psychiatrist friend agrees that although you see yourself on the average about a dozen times a day in mirrors you aren't a much better authority on your own looks than Ugh and the other sabretoothed tiger dodgers were on their own.

Yourself in Your Dreams

There's a simple reason for this. You have a kind of dream picture of yourself—what you'd like to be rather than what you actually are. Every man and woman alive, and even the odd precocious child, has a dream picture too, so you needn't think such self-portraits are only for the vain. Quite often they're unflattering, and many of us look more attractive to others than we do to ourselves: A classic example was Abraham Lincoln, who considered himself downright hideous but almost everyone thought he looked wonderful.

Usually it's the reverse. I know a distinguished English writer (I'm afraid I don't dare name him here) who believes he's a dead ringer for Julius Caesar. To me he looks like Caesar the way Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom looks like Whistler's Mother, and his other friends agree with me. But there's no use telling him we think he's wrong. He could no more be talked out of his flattering delusion than you could if you happen to feel you're a lot like Humphrey Bogart or Lana Turner.

This dream-picture angle, which does so much to keep you from knowing how you really look, is just part of the story. About the only way you're likely to see yourself, except in a photograph or a drawing, is in a mirror. That means you appear to yourself in two dimensions instead of three—that is, flat instead of in the round, which is the way other people see you. And dropping out the third dimension makes a whale of a difference.

Another thing is that you can't see your own profile in an ordinary mirror. Did you ever notice how strange you look when you're trying on clothes in front of one of those multiple mirrors tailors, dressmakers and milliners have? It's the sideways view you get that makes the strangeness. Cartoonists will tell you that the people they sketch almost never recognize their own profile and generally aren't any too pleased when they do see it.

This all adds up to so much distortion that you could probably give a better description of your third cousin once removed than of your own self. Take what happened to me a couple of weeks ago, something that shook me to the teeth.

I was going down stairs in an old-fashioned office building and on a landing I passed a man on his way up. I had a vague impression that I'd seen him

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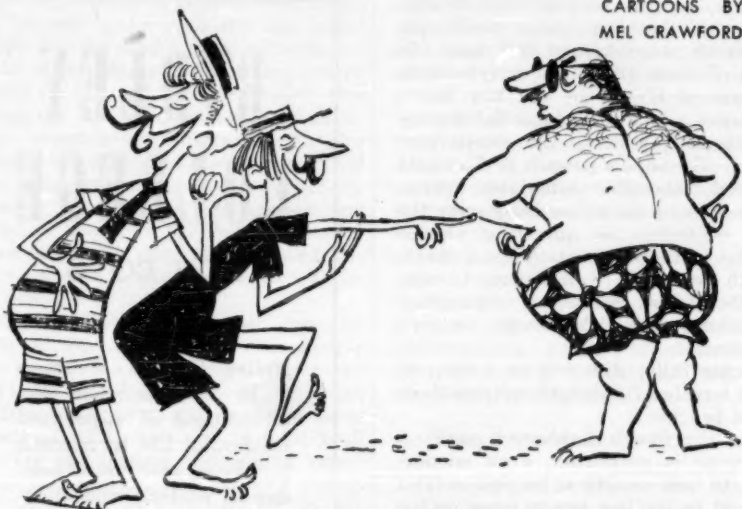
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In bathing suits Grandpa would have the last laugh.

Beauty and the Beach

By Vinia Hoogstraten

LIKE everyone else I have whooped joyously at pictures of bathing suits of the 90's and early 1900's. Suddenly, as I lay on the sand and watched my fellow man splashing about, I wondered why.

Nothing I ever saw in an album compared with the size 42 in the bilious green bra-and-panties set who was coyly throwing sand at her escort, a few feet to my right.

The killing picture of Grandfather's cousin Joe, in his knee- and elbow-length suit, had nothing on the terrified-looking little man hovering on the water's edge in front of me. He had blown himself to some imitation leopard-skin trunks. By the look of him he had lived to regret it.

Weismuller's Fault

Remembering Aunt Millie's honeymoon bathing pictures, which have been a riot for 25 years, I studied the lady a little to my left. She stood six feet in her wedgies, and weighed roughly 110. She was wearing frilled bloomers of red and white stripes and, an incredible distance above them, the inevitable bra. Tearing my gaze from a fascinated counting of her vertebrae I looked carefully around. Nobody was laughing. Somebody should have been. She looked 10 times as funny as Aunt Millie.

The reason for this lack of amusement was easy enough to understand. Of the hundred or so people on the beach possibly a dozen felt sure enough of their own appearance to

laugh at anybody else, and these fortunate souls were too widely scattered.

Regardless of what the resort folders say the beach is a place of disillusionment. There the poor little secrets, so carefully guarded all the rest of the year, are bared to a callous world. Not all these revelations are things like knock-knees and lordosis curves, either. Imagine the feelings of a girl who discovers, with no previous warning, that the man of her dreams is capable of appearing in white satin trunks with red hibiscus all over them! Johnny Weismuller has a lot to answer for.

Two young things stood open-mouthed as a vision in yellow trunks with orchids on them sauntered past. "Boy, get a load of that!" said one of them, awed. "All he needs is a string of shells and a flower in his teeth." But for every magnificent sun god there are 10 men with the seats of their trunks drooping. For every bathing beauty there are a dozen women with their bra tops half filled.

That's another thing. Why, unless they hate women, are bathing-suit manufacturers so foolhardily generous with their bra tops? Nobody wants to go around looking as though she is wearing semi-inflated balloons.

A further charming touch to the beach scene is the large wet sandy spot on the backs of beach robes.

Bathing suits are, and always have been, enemies of man. Consider the things that happen, even to people who have every reason to don a suit with confidence. Almost every woman has owned a suit whose straps have thought nothing of stretching four or five inches when wet. Almost every man knows somebody who dove out of a pair of trunks.

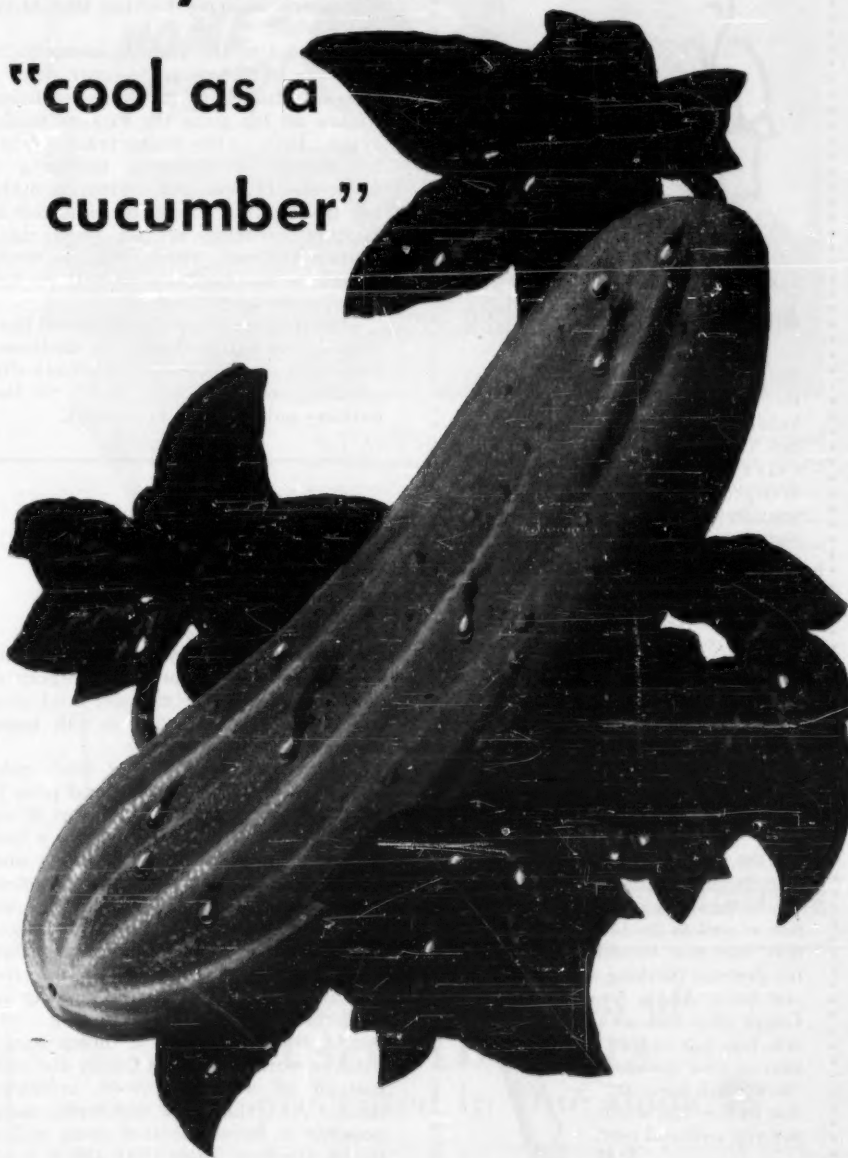
We're Not All Models

The first rubber bathing suit I ever saw is still one of my outstanding memories. Its wearer was a statuesque blonde with a strong sense of showmanship. She posed nonchalantly until she had attracted all eyes, and then dove. When she surfaced her suit had a supercargo of at least a gallon of water, and the effect failed to fill any of us with a desire to rush out and get one like it.

And there is that gay deceiver, the ballerina suit. It is especially insidious, because it's not the public but the wearer who is deceived. In the store it looks like the answer to the prayers

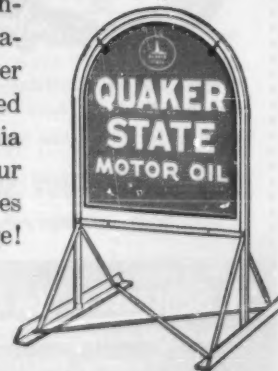


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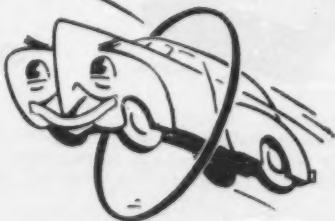
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newly refined gold from the western world usually arrives in the form of bars with unfamiliar markings. Most of it is "fine" gold—that is, 99 1/2% pure. Before it will be accepted by Chinese purchasers it must be recast in bars bearing the "chop," or seal, of a reputable goldsmith.

Each month thousands of ounces of fine gold go into the crucibles at Macao at 99 1/2% purity and come out with an acceptable "chop" at 99%. In the jargon of the trade the "squeeze" of the Macao goldsmiths for their service reduces the bars from .995 to .990 in purity. The standard unit of measurement for Asiatic gold bars is the Chinese "tael" weighing 1.198 troy ounces.

In the Underworld's Hands

Once the gold leaves Macao it belongs to the underworld. After Hong Kong prohibited importations, powerful, ruthless syndicates emerged to handle deliveries.

Last year it is estimated three million ounces of illicit gold moved through Hong Kong. It is transported in PT boats that can outrun anything in the water, in fishing junks and sampans, behind the planks of cargo and passenger ships, in hollowed-out books and shoes, in double-bottomed wicker hampers, and in the hollowed endpieces of mango cases.

An enterprising smuggler once conceived the idea of removing the rubber sacs from fountain pens and casting slender bars of gold to fit into the cases. A search of 22 men and women arriving at Hong Kong by plane turned up 102 gold bars, each bar weighing five taels and measuring a half inch in diameter by three inches in length. A customs inspector quipped: "It was the only time they could ever honestly say they were worth their weight in gold."

Only the small fry get caught. A woman arriving from Manila was found to have two taels hidden in the lining of her handbag; in tears she pleaded this represented her life savings. The court ordered it confiscated. A fugitive soldier arriving in the colony with three gold bars and a dozen rings had his hoard seized. Three women and two Chinese Army officers fleeing by ship from Shanghai were found in possession of 103 taels of gold—all of which was confiscated. The SS Changte on the eve of sailing for Japan was searched and 172 gold bars removed from the hold.

There are hundreds of these cases; but in 1948 seizures in Hong Kong totaled about 16,000 ounces—a drop in the ocean of bullion flowing through the port. Big operators lose nothing; on all cargoes smuggled out of Macao they merely add a percentage to cover losses and unlucky seizures.

Most of the gold found by customs authorities is turned up by an army of professional and volunteer informers who roam the airways and sea lanes of the Far East tracing the movement of contraband.

In the big syndicates, where every man watches every fellow gangster in a relentless gestapo system, there are no leaks; in these organizations disloyalty means sudden death.

Among the small fry, however, there is no honor and no protection. There have been cases where a dealer, after making a sale, tipped off customs authorities and claimed the 50% reward paid for information resulting in seizures. There are frequent instances of petty gangsters, dissatisfied with their share of the loot in a smuggling job, who find it more profitable to inform on their pals.

Now and then big quantities of gold appear on the market from mysterious sources. Early in 1947 a shipment

of five tons came in in a British freighter which had called at Japan; only a handful of persons know where it is now.

At the end of the Pacific war there were three large gold hoards stored at the Osaka arsenal. In the orgy of legalized looting which took place after the surrender a Japanese Army officer got away with one portion, buried it in Shizuoka prefecture, and killed the truck driver who transported the loot. Fearing discovery he negotiated in Yokohama with a Chinese syndicate which agreed to buy it from him for yen.

A hoard of Dutch coins valued at eight million guilders was melted down and went into hiding somewhere near Idabashi.

The Japanese Navy's private gold hoard left the Osaka arsenal for Gifu prefecture and has never been found.

Dealers are waiting for these vanished treasures, certain they will find their way ultimately to Hong Kong.

Manchuria has become a source of new gold. American and British businessmen engaged in barter deals with Chinese Communists in Manchuria find the raw materials they receive are worth less than the manufactured goods they deliver. The Communists, eager to revive their industry, are already paying off the deficit in gold. Next year this supply promises to exceed 500,000 ounces. Channels for smuggling this bullion into Macao are being established, but it's a risky business. The fear of high-jacking and betrayal is growing.

In War, Gold Is Safer

A new hurdle was set up in April when the Hong Kong authorities clamped down on the possession of new gold and prohibited publication of all gold quotations. The alleged purpose was to conform to regulations of the International Monetary Fund. In reality it was a move to bolster British sterling against a flight of capital.

Sterling, by one means or other, was being transferred to Hong Kong and being converted first into Hong Kong dollars and then into American dollars available on the free market. These dollars bought gold which could be concealed from the British Exchequer.

The reasoning behind these deals was simple: if the cold war should break into open hostilities gold would be safer than currency, bank accounts or real estate.

This hunger for gold is the measure of the world's fear. There is a growing distrust of statesmen, diplomats and managed paper currencies.

"The ban on gold dealings is childish," a Hong Kong merchant says. "It's just another commodity, like tinned sardines. It will always move if there's a profit in it. These people out here know gold. They'll ship it and they'll buy it and they'll hoard it!" ★

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urges her readers to pour at least half a cup of cold water over the dry coffee in the top bowl of a glass coffeemaker or in a pot before the boiling water comes up or is added. She insists this brings out the full delicacy of the taste. Unfortunately she's quite wrong. The volatile oils and aromatic essences that give coffee its rousing flavor aren't fully released unless the water temperature is never less than 195 deg. and never more than 205 deg. while it and the coffee are in contact, except for the first second or two.

Another famous cookbook is equally wide of the mark. It advises people who use glass coffeemakers to put hot water in the bottom bowl to begin with, to fit the two halves of the thing together right away and to take it off the fire the instant the boiling water from the bottom has finished rising. All three moves run counter to the Pan-American Coffee Bureau's rules.

Unless your palate is a whole lot more discriminating than most people's you won't be able to tell the difference between ready-ground coffee and coffee ground freshly for you. The great thing is to use up your coffee before it goes stale, whichever way you buy it. And there isn't a single popular brand of ready-roasted coffee sold in this country that isn't plenty good enough for anyone—always provided it's properly made.

Let's leave home now and go into the depressing question of why some Canadian restaurant coffee is so lamentable.

Coffee—67% of All Orders

Canada's café drinkers are so used to accepting that greyish-brown stuff at a dime a time that a buyers' strike is not likely. But if good coffee came out of those urns every time—and there's no reason why it shouldn't—the customers would be that much happier and the restaurants more popular.

And being known for good coffee is a great asset to an eating place. A survey in 1948 by the Joint Committee of the Restaurant and Coffee Industries, with the help of the Coffee Bureau, showed that in a typical restaurant 14% of orders were for ice cream—the most popular single

item on the food list. Orders for a cup of coffee, however, amounted to no less than 67% of all orders. Putting it another way, if the amount of ice cream asked for were to be represented by a small apple, the symbol for the amount of coffee would be a big cantaloupe.

There are no statistics on the number of customers who actually liked the coffee they got, but informal spot checks suggest the proper-sized symbol would be half of a dried pea.

The same basic rules that the Coffee Bureau lays down for your home coffeemaking apply to restaurants, too: care with measuring, care with the water, and spotless hygiene.

That Urn Must Be Scrubbed

The bureau recommends for urn coffee one pound of coffee to two gallons of water—American gallons, which figure out about one fifth less than our imperial gallon. By Canadian measure then, each two gallons of water needs 1 lb. 3 oz. of coffee.

When the water in the urn comes to the boil it should be poured very slowly through the coffee, a gallon at a time, with a circular motion to ensure even distribution. Water that merely passes through the cloth sides of the bag will weaken the brew.

After each brew the urn should be washed out with hot water until the tap runs clear. If the urn is a basket type, the basket should be washed in hot water immediately and frequently scoured with steel wool. If a cloth bag is used it should be washed in cold water (never with soap) and left soaking until the next use.

The urn should be scrubbed out with a couple of gallons of fresh hot water and a brush at the end of each day, and scoured with special cleaning compound twice a week. Every two weeks the metal gadgets at the ends of the glass indicator tube, and the tube itself, should be removed and cleaned.

Once coffee is made in an urn it should stay there no longer than one hour at a uniform 185 deg. F.

In some Canadian restaurants serving urn coffee all of these rules are skipped or skimmed. And that's why Spike Jones gets away with that wise-crack. ★



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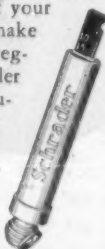
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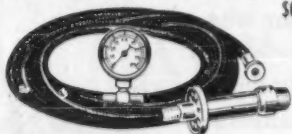
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of thousands of girls who have more to conceal than to reveal. Brought home a cautious modeling before a mirror fails to show any cause for concern. This holds good as long as it stays warm and dry with the sun bathers. When she wears it into the water the most gorgeous creature on the beach emerges looking like Monday's wash.

The root of the trouble seems to be that the bathing-suit designer, with a dreamy disregard for life's realities, makes all his suits for Powers model types. He's on the wrong track. What he should be doing is picturing a Lena the Hyena and trying to make her presentable. I realize that this is another example of the hard right against the easy wrong, but the result would be of enormous benefit to the beach scene as a whole.

Grandma and Grandpa believed that the human figure should be sheltered from the public eye. Aesthetically speaking in the case of 83.6% of the bathing public, they were right.

And Good Coffee's So Easy to Make

Continued from page 15

the hot tap. When water is heated in your basement boiler it undergoes a kind of structural change, and the coffee you'll make with it will taste slightly flat.

Measure the amount of fresh cold water you're going to need and pour it into the lower glass bowl. Put it on the stove. While it's coming to a boil fit the filter into the upper bowl and put in the correct amount of coffee. When the water is boiling, and *not before*, put the two halves of the gadget together. If you put them together right from the start the water from the bottom would have started coming up long before it reached boiling. It would thus have had a damp soggy mass to work on when it finally did boil, instead of a crisp brown aromatic heap. And the most wonderful taste possible is never released from coffee unless the first water that hits it is at the proper temperature.

The moment the boiling water has risen into the upper bowl (there will always be some that doesn't come through), reduce the heat to simmering point and stir the coffee and water together thoroughly. Leave the mixture heaving gently from one to three minutes, take it off the heat and wait for the coffee to be drawn back again into the lower bowl. It should then be served at once before the fine edge of flavor can blunt; reheating is an even surer way of spoiling coffee than leaving it standing around too long.

First You Heat the Pot

Finally, be sure to use the right grind. If you buy it ready-ground it should be the kind specified for glass coffeemakers. If you have it ground at the store see that the indicator on the grinder is adjusted to the very finest setting.

THE PERCOLATOR: The first step should be the same—pouring a measured quantity of fresh cold water into the pot. Put the pot on the stove and as soon as the water begins to boil furiously remove it from the heat. If water at boiling point (212 deg. F.) remains in contact with coffee for more than a couple of seconds it releases bitter elements as well as the smacking good ones you're after.

Next, measure the required amount of coffee (drip grind, mind you; not

Look at the picture of Grandpa with his bathing suit, handle-bar mustache, straw boater and cigar. In spite of these things, or maybe even because of them, the old boy has a presence, a look of substantial dignity that is long gone in his counterpart today. Grandpa's paunch is discreetly covered, though undeniably there, while today's paunches hang over the tops of trunks in quivering vulnerability. Maybe it's good for a man's health to scorch a billowing tummy to the latest shade of Passionate Geranium, but it's tough on the onlooker.

Incidentally, did you ever stop to think how few full-length mirrors there are at beaches?

This is a free, a democratic country. Everyone is permitted, even encouraged, to look as silly as he pleases, and I would be the last one to question his right to do so.

But I do think we should stop laughing at our forebears. It puts us on the spot. ★

either fine or regular) into the basket part of the percolator. Fit this into the pot part. Put the cover on, return the assembled percolator to the heat and let it perk slowly for six to eight minutes. Turn off the heat, take out the basket (if you don't, bitter droplets will start trickling through), put the cover back on again and there you are.

THE DRIP: Good coffeemaking by this method begins a little differently. First preheat the pot by scalding it with hot water, just as you would a teapot. Measure drip-ground coffee, remembering the golden rule of two level tablespoons to every cup you intend to serve, into the upper half of the outfit. After that pour the measured amount of freshly boiling water over the coffee, put the cover on and wait for the dripping to end. As soon as it's finished take the filter out of the pot, stir the brewed coffee lightly for a second or two and serve.

THE OLD-FASHIONED COFFEE POT: You're probably so familiar with this method you figure you haven't got a thing to learn about it, and maybe you're right. But don't be too sure.

Do you preheat the pot? You should to get best results. Are you always careful and exact about the quantities you use? When you've scalded the pot and thrown away that water, put in the amount of coffee you're going to need and pour on the proper measured amount of fresh boiling water—either six or eight ounces to each two level tablespoons of coffee, depending on whether you want it at American or Canadian strength. Let the pot stand over the faintest flame possible with a gas burner, on an electric element still hot from having just been turned off, from three to eight minutes.

No matter what your dear old mother may have told you, there's no need to put a couple of eggshells in to clarify it or add a dollop of cold water to settle the grounds. Just use regular grind coffee and follow the rules.

These instructions apply with equal force to coffee made in a lard pail, an old tin can, or any other receptacle commonly taken along on picnics or camping trips.

Tampering with old-style coffeemaking doesn't stop at the addition of eggshells or cold water. Some otherwise normal people put in a pinch of dry mustard, or even a small blob of butter; some do both.

These practices definitely make coffee taste different.

Don't be led astray by the advice you sometimes get from cookbooks. The author of one widely circulated book

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shrewd brown eyes. He had come with a blond girl, elegant and lively, called Claire, and she and Jenny kissed like old friends.

Lunch was eaten at a long table set in a little, sunny courtyard at the back. Jenny was the centre of all the talk; and from what Hal, with his slightly plodding French, was able to make out, it was clear that Perry Ide—"Prémont," as they mostly called him—was something more than the ex-leader of these people. His exploits, his resource and daring, had become a legend to them.

It was the blond girl, Claire, who said, after a while, "It's strange that he should never have come back to see us—never written even to Mère Raymonde. Jenny, you were literally his right hand. Surely you've heard from him since the war?"

A tenseness crept over Hal as he waited for her reply. She only shook her head.

The young officer said, with a shrug, "He's forgotten us."

Mère Raymonde spoke quietly. "He forgot none of us when he returned home. There were citations for us all—even an old lady like me. Ask yourself whose report got them for us."

"True," said a huge, wild-haired, bearded young man. "The fact is, Claudel, we were all wartime amateurs recruited and guided by him. Clandestine work was a purple patch in our lives, an adventure we'll never forget. But Ide's a professional. What to us was a flaming drama was to him just a job. It's a difference of viewpoint. Look at the instance of Denise Tral—"

"He recruited her," the blond girl explained, turning to Hal, "and the little she-cat, with her angel face and her honey hair, turned out to be a playback—she was working for the enemy. She had a contact arranged with them the very night Ide found out the truth about her. She knew every safe address. She'd have blown the lot of us that night. She was actually on her way. It was a near thing. She was on the platform of the Pantheon Metro station when Ide caught up with her—"

"Enough," Mère Raymonde said sharply. "Why remember the black days?"

"My fault, Mère Raymonde," said the bearded young giant, and he raised his glass. "To the Boss, anyway—wherever he is."

The sun glared down on empty bottles and coffee cups on the long table, as lunch came to an end. Most of the party gathered around Jenny, giving her addresses, invitations. Hal felt a touch on his arm.

"Come inside," said Louis Monnard. "I want to talk to you."

CURIOUS, Hal followed him through into the empty café. The door to the alley was locked. Monnard stepped behind the bar, poured a couple of cognacs.

"He's not so far away," he said quietly.

"Who?" Hal said.

"Perry Ide," said Monnard, and pushing one of the thimble glasses across the bar looked at Hal directly. "You've seen enough now," said Monnard, "to know how we all feel about Ide and Jenny and Mère Raymonde. There's nothing we wouldn't do, any of us, for those three people. That's why I've got to tell you frankly that if I'd seen Jenny today and hadn't known you existed I'd have told her at once that Perry Ide's in Paris and I know where. And I'd have believed I was doing them both a service."

It was very quiet in the café. Sunshine streamed bright and hot through the small window. Voices from the courtyard out back sounded far off.

Hal didn't move. Monnard couldn't have told him much more plainly that Perry Ide and Jenny had loved each other, that somehow things had gone awry for them, and that he—Monnard—believed that Jenny and Ide both now bitterly regretted the break. Yet Jenny had said, "It was just a cover-story 'marriage,' Hal—nothing more."

Monnard was saying, "I like you, Hal. I've watched the way you look at her, and I believe her happiness comes first with you. Look at the position I'm in. If I tell her Ide's in Paris I might harm you. If I just keep my mouth shut I might harm her. I can't make the decision my responsibility. It's up to you. You know whether she's happy with you or not—I don't. It's for you to decide whether she's to know where Perry is."

Hal picked up one of the thimble glasses. He stared at it unseeing, a slow thumping in his chest, his brow face woodenly impassive. It seemed to him that he'd known, all through this past year, that there was a test to be faced, an inevitable test, before Jenny and he ever could reach sure ground. Now he felt as if he'd known all the time, without ever admitting it to himself, that the test wasn't really Paris. It was a man. It was the man with whom, for sixteen months of comradeship and hazard, she had lived under a mask of marriage.

He drew in his breath. "Where is he?"

"Hotel St. Gabriel, Avenue Mozart," said Monnard. "I went there three days ago, to book a room for a friend. I walked straight into Perry Ide in the foyer. I didn't blurt out his name, of course, and it was as well. He's calling himself 'Récolle.' We had a drink together. He's over here on some job in conjunction with the French intelligence service. He asked me not to tell anyone he was here, and I wouldn't have done—but for Jenny showing up today."

Hal still stared at his glass. Monnard couldn't have given him a fairer chance. Jenny need know nothing; he could get her out of Paris as soon as possible—

"Tell her," said Hal abruptly, and hardly knew it was himself who spoke.

"Tell her?" Monnard stared at him. Hal drank his cognac. He returned the glass to the bar. It was no use trying to hide his head in the sand. She must know. And she mustn't feel compelled to speak of it to him unless she wished; it would be better she shouldn't know that Monnard had spoken to him first. She must be entirely free to act as she thought best.

"Tell her," Hal said, "just as you'd have told her if I didn't exist, Monnard. Ca va?"

"Ca va," said Monnard, with a shrug. He refilled the two thimble glasses and added grimly, "Good luck, my friend."

THEY had dinner in the restaurant of the hotel that evening, just Jenny and Hal. It was quiet here, and peaceful, and Jenny was quiet, too. She looked a little pale and her brown eyes were thoughtful.

"Tired, dear?" he asked her.

"I am, a bit," she admitted. "Seeing them all again was so—you know. But I'm glad we came. Trying to put them all out of my mind, as I did at first—trying to pretend I just wasn't interested in what had become of people who'd meant so tremendously much to me once—it was wrong, and impossible. I'm so glad we came." She smiled at him suddenly across the pink-lit table. "I've made an awful lot of engagements for us, I'm afraid. You don't mind?"

"You know I don't," Hal said, and

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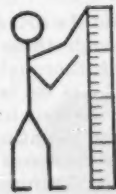
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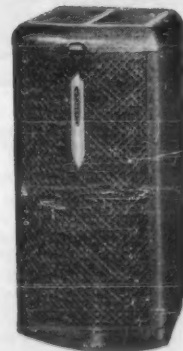
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Cloak and Dagger Marriage

Continued from page 9

wooden. Hal, let's have dinner somewhere gay, shall we?"

He kissed her, chuckling, "You're the guide. Show me the town."

He lay long awake that night, though, thinking about the excessive eccentricity of life and wars. The windows and shutters stood wide open; the perfume of Paris was in the warm, riverside air. He heard a whisper:

"Still awake, Hal?"

"Hullo, Mrs. Kegan," he said. "I thought you were in dreamland. Like a cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

He lighted one himself, and at the flare of the match Jenny turned her face away. Hal lay back, inhaling smoke.

Jenny said, "What did he look like, Hal?"

"Who?" said Hal, though he knew who she meant well enough.

"The man at the Gare St. Lazare," said Jenny.

"Oh, him." There was a measured, slow thumping in his chest, deep down. Staring at the red dot of his cigarette in the dark, he described the man meticulously.

Jenny lay silent. The lights of a late car, humming by along the Quai Voltaire, arched over the ceiling. Hal, propping himself on an elbow to stub out his cigarette, peered across at Jenny's bed.

"Does it mean anything to you," he said, "that description?"

"No," said Jenny, "I don't know anyone like that." He heard her turn on her side, away from him. "Good night, Hal."

IN THE Boulevard St. Germain next morning the café awnings trembled in visible currents of heat; the trees drooped; passing cars flashed in the sun; there was a constant yip of horns and shrilling of gendarmes' whistles.

Jenny hadn't named any particular destination, yet Hal felt somehow that she had one. They walked unhurriedly, but as they turned up the Boulevard St. Michel, busy with shopping women carrying yard-long loaves under their arms, he had the impression that she was trying to reach some decision. Stopping to look into shop windows, she wasn't really seeing anything, he was sure.

"Hal," she said at last, "I've never told you about Mère Raymonde, have I? Without her there could have been no 'Prémont' network. Her place was our chief rendezvous and hide-out. It was the heart of the whole web. She ran every kind of risk for us. Her place was our sanctuary—our hospital, too, more than once. She never failed us. She—she was the mother of us all."

Hal said gently, "Maybe you'd rather go to see her alone, Jenny?"

"No," said Jenny. "No, I want you to come."

He thought he knew now why she had been hesitating. It was because she had a dread of finding Mère Raymonde gone, as the Rignons had been gone. But when, deep in the maze of ancient, narrow streets behind the Pantheon, they came to a cobbled, unfrequented alley, there was that alias, "Prémont," staring at them from a signboard projecting above a window:

*Vins et Charbons
CAFE DU RESEAU PREMONT*

Jenny stopped, gazing up at the legend. Her eyes were shining. "It

Maclean's Magazine, August 15, 1949

was called the *Café Pot-de-Fer*, Hal," she said. "She's renamed it, for those sixteen months. She's here!"

She ran forward, and Hal saw the bead curtain in the doorway swing to behind her. Sunshine throbbed up from the cobbles; a noonday stillness quelled the alley. The little wineshop, for which obscurity had been once the only safety, now proudly flourished its defiant blazon: Café of the Prémont Network. Hal walked forward, hesitated for a moment, long and blond and loose-limbed on the step, then held aside the bead curtain.

JENNY was in the arms of a dumpy old lady with grey, neat hair and a calm face. The old lady was chuckling, "Why so long, Jenny? I knew you'd come back one day, but why so long? All the others have been to see me."

"All?" said Jenny.

"All except one," said Mère Raymonde. "He's with you now, eh? You've brought him?"

"Perry Ide?" said Jenny. "No, Mère Raymonde. Haven't you heard from him?"

"No sight or sound since the war," said the old lady—"not so much as a postcard." She caught sight of Hal, then, standing against the sun-chinked bead curtain, and her hands dropped from Jenny's shoulders. "Monsieur?"

Jenny turned quickly. "I'm sorry, Hal. Mère Raymonde, this is Hal Kegan—my husband."

Hal saw the surprise in the old lady's expression.

"Be proud of her, Hal," she said.

"I am," said Hal—"and I'm proud to meet her friends, Mère Raymonde."

"Ah, her friends. Some of them will be here presently," said Mère Raymonde. "You've come on a good day—Wednesday." She set out three glasses on the zinc counter, poured white wine. "You see our new name over the door, Jenny? This is still the rendezvous for the 'Prémont' people. On Wednesdays such of them as are in Paris come here to lunch. Many are scattered. A dozen might come today—perhaps twenty. Some are doing well—Louis Monnard, for example, it is difficult to see how the Bourse could get along without him. Others—what would you? Life is a seesaw. But up or down they all know where there's lunch and good friends to be found on a Wednesday, at the old rendezvous. They all come, sooner or later. They remember how it used to be between all of us, eh? One can't quite forget, Jenny?"

"No, Mère Raymonde," Jenny said softly.

"Listen!" said the old lady. Outside in the sun-baked alley voices sounded. She beamed. "Here are some of them coming now. You'll take the counter for me, Jenny? You've done that before, eh? I go to look to my girls in the kitchen."

Jenny lifted the flap, went quickly behind the bar. There was a color in her cheeks, a light in her brown eyes which Hal hadn't seen there in a long while. The bead curtain swirled. Three young men, one a lieutenant in uniform and blue kepi, came in.

"The messieurs wish?" said Jenny formally.

They looked at her. They stared. They gave one simultaneous great shout: "Jenny!"

MORE and more arrived. They all shouted Jenny's name, kissed her boisterously on both cheeks, and shook hands cordially with Hal when she introduced him.

Only one regarded him with a curious and speculative air. This was Louis Monnard, a good-looking, dark, obviously successful young man, with

Beads to Billions: The Story of the H.B.C.

Continued from page 7

he comes to the post to swap his muskrat skins for a new sewing machine for his squaw.

More often than not, the post manager's only neighbors are Indians or Eskimos. In many places the Indians cannot speak English and the post manager has to learn the Indian lingo. The more independent Eskimos virtually insist on the white man mastering the native tongue.

Relations between the Bay man and the natives are friendly, but intimacy is not encouraged. Economically and socially, the Indian has been kept in the same position he was thrust into when the first Bay man came to make a profit out of his hunting skill.

Some posts are flanked by an Indian Affairs nursing station, and at others there are weather bureaus. Occasionally there is a priest or a Mountie for company.

The fur trader's life is still one of isolation and loneliness but the Bay provides him with a multitude of civilization's comforts. Even in the barren Arctic he has electricity, hot and cold running water and indoor plumbing in the company house.

Many a home-hunting city dweller would be grateful for a house such as the Bay provides for the post manager and his family. The standard house has three or four bedrooms, combination living and dining room and fully modern kitchen. The experimental house the Bay built in Winnipeg before constructing one in the wilds cost \$12,000.

The house is completely furnished by the company with everything from soup spoons to nutcrackers, 2,700 items in all. When a chesterfield at a post on Baffin Island shows signs of wear, the company's huge Canso flying boat zooms in from Winnipeg and disgorges a new one. And the post manager's wife needn't worry that it will clash with her drapes or rug. The home furnisher in Winnipeg knows the color of every pair of drapes and of every rug from Pond Inlet, on Baffin Island, to Tuktuik in the Western Arctic.

"War and Peace" at Every Post

The company provides each post with a standard library, running from "Anthony Adverse" to "War and Peace," and adds three books to it each year. Fifty or more pocket books are sent to each post with the yearly supplies.

The company concerns itself with every personal problem of its outpost employees—from pregnancies to the offspring's education.

Housing, furnishings, light, fuel and food—which is ordered in huge amounts once or twice a year—are provided at a fraction of cost. The post manager pays \$25 a month each for himself and his wife and an additional \$4 to \$15 for each child, depending on the child's age, which, naturally, regulates his capacity to devour company groceries.

The company prefers to have married men on its isolated posts but provides domestic help for its bachelor managers. Today it frowns on the old Arctic custom, still prevalent 10 years ago, of the post manager taking to himself a native wife on a strictly casual basis.

Post children are supplied with correspondence-school courses until they reach 10 when the company kicks in with a contribution toward educating them in the city. It checks up on the

vitamin and calory consumption of its families and makes sure that even the Arctic trader is on a perfectly balanced diet.

Every post has a large medical chest, including some dental and surgical instruments. Free medical advice is available.

The post manager is encouraged to grow some of his own food. The company hired botanists to study gardening in the Arctic and promotes an annual gardening competition among the posts.

The post manager stands a good chance of saving a good part of his salary. Roy and Sheila Allen, who run the post at Grassy Narrows, Northern Ontario, figure it costs them only \$10 a month for extras above the \$50 they pay for food and housing. This summer they blew themselves to a nonbush vacation in Vancouver.

The Wives Gossip in Morse

Some wives take to life among the Indians and Eskimos like a drunk takes to H.B.C. Best Procurable, and some don't. Sheila took to it. She was a bride of a few weeks when Roy brought her to Grassy Narrows, a four-acre island in an isolated lake.

I met her last May when she had been there 10 months and she was happy and contented though she hadn't set foot off the island since November. She and her husband and a young clerk are its sole inhabitants and you can stroll completely around it in five minutes.

The Allens are host to more paleface visitors than most post people. Grassy Narrows is in the heart of fish and game country which attracts flocks of wealthy American tourists. Even in winter Americans fly overhead taking pot shots at wolves prowling on the frozen lakes.

In all the North there is probably no woman more attuned to the life than Jo Harvey whose husband Jim manages Osnaburgh House, another lake-fronting post in Northern Ontario. Her family association with the fur trade goes back almost a century and a half. Her great-grandfather was a Hudson's Bay fur trader and she herself was born at Moose Factory, a post that dates back to the very beginning of the company in the 17th century.

She has her own team of Eskimo sled dogs, she's an accomplished angler, one of the fastest women with a Morse key in all the north, and as a marksman she could whip Annie Oakley.

During the long, weary winters post wives master the Morse code and swap northern gossip and recipes. Every post has radiotelegraph or telephone equipment as well as a radio set for program listening, designed by the company's own radio laboratory. In the Arctic, reception is terrific; New Zealand and London come roaring in.

At spring breakup, after they have traded their winter fur catch and before they turn to their summer pursuits of berry picking or fishing, the Indians hang around the company store, loafing and pulling on tailor-made cigarettes. The Indians at Grassy Narrows go for snuff in a big way. Men, women and children are addicts.

The Indian has adopted the white man's dress, but he's no Beau Brummell. His coat seldom matches his pants and, for that matter, the patches on his pants and coat never match either. He invariably wears rubbers over his moccasins and the peaked cap is the vogue.

The ancient company still makes more barter than cash deals with the

Continued on page 49

ATHLETE'S FOOT MISERY?

ABSORBINE JR.'S "WET-DRY" ACTION BRINGS RELIEF!

Absorbine Jr.'s "Wet-Dry" action helps relieve Athlete's Foot in two ways!

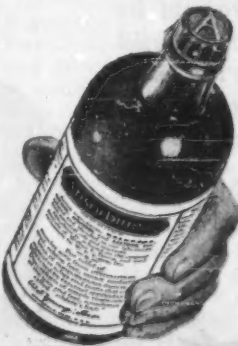
First, Absorbine Jr.'s "wetting" action cleanses the area of infection by removing dead skin and dissolving the stale perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive. This allows Absorbine Jr.'s active ingredients to contact and kill all of the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms it can reach.

Second, Absorbine Jr.'s "drying" action between the toes inhibits the growth of infecting micro-organisms. Absorbine Jr.'s "Wet-Dry" action helps to heal the open cracks and promotes regrowth of a smooth unbroken skin barrier against reinfection!

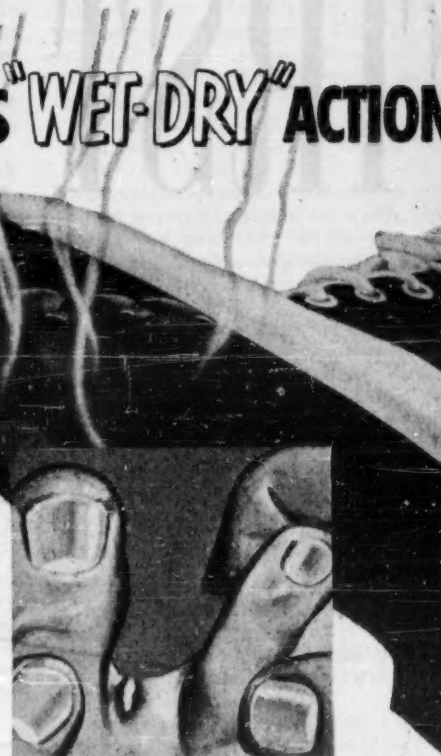
When tested clinically under strictly controlled conditions, Absorbine Jr. proved successful in 3 out of 4 cases!

Caution: In severe cases of Athlete's Foot it is not possible for Absorbine Jr. to reach and kill all of the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms. If your own case of Athlete's Foot persists after using Absorbine Jr. as directed, consult your physician.

Guard Against Reinfection: Don't share towels or bathmats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the micro-organisms. Get your Absorbine Jr. at any drugstore today... \$1.25 a bottle.



Look for
cracks
between
the toes
tonight



Examine the skin between your toes tonight. When cracks appear between your toes it means that Athlete's Foot micro-organisms can strike. It's time for Absorbine Jr.



Pass a swab of cotton soaked in Absorbine Jr. between the toes. Its "wetting" action removes the flaky dead skin and dissolves the stale perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive.



"Rinse" between the toes with Absorbine Jr. full strength. Its rapidly evaporating ingredients dry the skin between the toes to inhibit growth of Athlete's Foot micro-organisms. Absorbine Jr.'s "Wet-Dry" action helps heal broken tissue, thus promoting a smooth unbroken skin barrier against reinfection.

W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

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This Tampax was invented by a doctor and is by no means intended as an occasional convenience. It meets the demands of this special hygienic need every month of the year. Millions now use it. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into purse; economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



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he waited quietly, expectantly.

He waited for her to tell him about Perry Ide's being in Paris.

He waited in vain.

And he wondered, lying long awake, if he had been a fool to give Monnard the green light. Would other men have done it? He didn't know. All he knew was, he couldn't have done otherwise.

"Humdrum," he thought bleakly, "that's me."

He knew just what it meant when, after morning coffee and croissants in their room, Jenny broke the news that she had some shopping to do. He knew only too well where she was going, and his heart sank.

"It'd be dull for you," said Jenny brightly. "Meet you for lunch here?"

"Fine," said Hal, no less brightly. "I'll stay and sharpen my French on the newspapers."

Jenny patted the top of his blond head. "Your French is good!"

He heard the click of her heels down the stairs. He rose, feeling wretched, and walked over to the window. It was a baking-hot day again. In the shade of trees across the street, the book boxes along the river parapet were propped open; people were queuing idly among the dusty volumes.

Jenny's trim, summery figure came out from the hotel and crossed the street obliquely toward the Pont Royal. She signaled a taxi, stepped into it. And a man who was standing at a book box near the bridge laid down a book, hailed a taxi. He was trailing Jenny.

He was a lean, tall man in a grey suit and a beret. The last time Hal had seen him had been at the Gare St. Lazare and he had been wearing a white raincoat.

Yellow taxi and blue taxi shot away over the bridge.

THE rigor which had held Hal for a second motionless at the window left him abruptly. He snatched up his jacket. Racing down the stairs, pulling on the jacket as he went, he ran out hatless into the blazing day. There was no taxi in sight; there never was when you needed one as he needed one now. Half running, half walking, he had crossed the bridge and reached the vivid flower beds and strenuous statuary of the Tuileries Gardens before a taxi came along.

"Avenue Mozart," he said, "and hurry!"

He was gambling. Jenny's taxi and the pursuing blue sedan were long gone from view; he hadn't seen which way they had turned after crossing the bridge. He was counting on the belief that she had headed for the address which Monnard had given her. But he knew he could be wrong.

He leaned forward. "How far's this Avenue Mozart?"

"Ten minutes," said the driver.

Ten minutes through these broad, splendid, sun-flashing thoroughfares—Place du Canada, Cours de la Reine, Place du Trocadero—seemed interminable to him. He was sweating as he stared out, watching the street names. Chaussée de la Muette, Avenue Mozart—at last. And a yellow taxi hummed by, coming up the slope of the tree-lined, sun-drowsed street—a taxi without a passenger. Jenny's?

Next second, he saw the blue sedan, a hundred yards ahead, parked under a tree. He stopped his taxi, thrust a bill at the driver, headed with long strides for the sedan.

It was standing parked near the corner of a side street—a cul-de-sac, Hal saw, looking into it. Each side was a small, shady, unrailled garden, with seats and green turf. In the garden on the left the tall man in the

beret was leaning casually against the trunk of a tree, in deep shade.

Through the screening foliage, he was gazing up at the rambling old building which blocked the cul-de-sac. Crumbling letters on a cream wall read "Hotel-Pension St. Gabriel." Windows and faded blue shutters all stood wide open to the sun. At a second-floor window Jenny was standing, talking to someone in the room. She moved from view just as Hal glimpsed her.

His long shadow, moving across the grass, merged into the deeper tree shade as he came up very quietly behind the man in the beret, and waited, watching.

Another figure moved across the window up there—the figure of a slender man, not much taller than Jenny, with lacquer-smooth, black hair. He was in shirt sleeves, and Hal remembered with a queer shock something said by the blond girl, Claire, at Mère Raymonde's: "You were literally his right hand, Jenny."

The man up there at the window, his back to it, talking, gesticulating with a cigarette, had an empty sleeve. He was Perry Ide.

Still leaning against the tree trunk, the man in the beret, a yard from Hal, drew an automatic from the breast of his jacket and through the screening foliage sighted upward at the back of Ide's head.

He only sighted. Then Hal's big, tennis-player's hands clamped down on the man's wrist. With a twist and heave of his long, loose-limbed body, Hal flung the man across the turf, clear of the shadow, out into the sun's glare. He lunged right after him, and as the man came to his knees, clutched him up by his lapels and hit him with every ounce he could muster.

He stood over the man, waiting for him to move again, but the man just lay there. Hal picked up the automatic from the turf. The one-armed man, Ide, ran out from the hotel. Jenny was behind him, and it was at her, not Ide, that Hal looked.

AN OLD friend, Jenny," he said. "The man from the Gare St. Lazare—the man who recognized you. Seems he wanted Ide's blood."

"It had to be him or me, sooner or later," Perry Ide said. He was about thirty-five, with a hard, haggard, dark face and cold, light-blue eyes. "I've come a long way on no more than a faint hint of this party's whereabouts. He's the reason I'm in Paris."

Jenny said, "Who is he, Perry?"

"A party who knows a lot too much about the inside of a good many things, and sells what he knows where it does us the least good," Ide said. "You've never heard of him, Jenny, but evidently he knew you'd once worked with me. When he recognized you, as Hal here says he did, he must have imagined you were still in business with me. He evidently didn't realize Hal had noted him. He thought all he had to do was watch you, Jenny, till you made a contact with me, then he could let me have it."

"I led him to you?" Jenny said in dismay. "I was so careful, too, Perry. Monnard told me you were on a job, that's why I didn't breathe a word even to Hal about coming to see you."

"No harm done," Ide said. "He's coming around—and so are some interested spectators by the look of it. Help me get him inside there. I'll phone my French colleagues and get him taken care of. Then we'll have a drink, Hal, and get acquainted."

THEY had that drink, and one or two others, up in Ide's room; but just what Perry Ide's feeling was for Jenny, or Jenny's for this slender, taut, hard-eyed, one-armed man, Hal couldn't judge.

They were on the point of leaving, and Ide was opening the door for her, when he turned to Hal and said, "I haven't congratulated you on Jenny. No man in my grim business, Hal, ever had a teammate with more courage, unselfishness and idealism than I had when Jenny worked with me. Ours was strictly a cover-story 'marriage,' but yours is real. You're a lucky man."

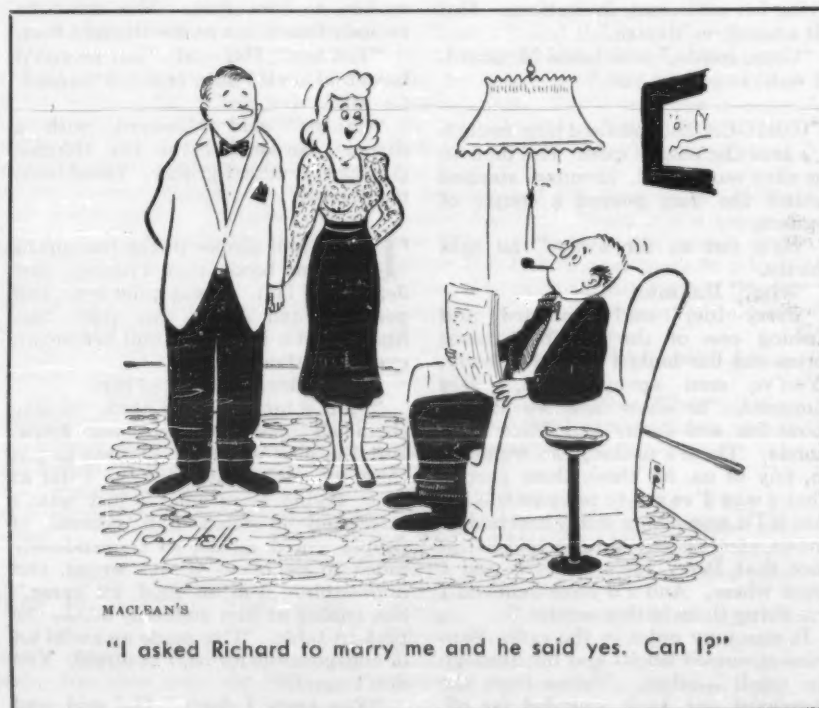
"I know it," Hal said.

"I wouldn't like Jenny to hear me say this," Ide said, "but I hate this town. I hate seeing or thinking of any place or anybody, even Jenny herself, who reminds me of the 'Prémont' network. You see, I loved a girl just once in my life—"

They were moving to the door, and Hal saw the clenching of Ide's one lean hand, as though some thought pierced and tortured him.

"She had hair like honey and the face of an angel," Ide said. "Her name was Denise Tral, and she died in Paris here—electrocuted on the live rail of the Pantheon Metro station."

The door shut hard. Hal turned slowly. Along the landing Jenny was waiting for him. ★



Continued from page 47

natives but the bartering is now done with the greenback rather than the beaver skin as the basic standard. When an Eskimo brings in his catch of white fox he is told its value in dollars and he then knows he may have that many dollars worth of grub or ammunition. If he wishes, he may have cash. "But," as one Bay man put it, "there's nowhere else he can spend it."

The Eskimo and Indian trappers, as well as the Adventurers themselves, are completely at the mercy of the bewildering caprices of fashion. The native may return to a post in the spring laden down with furs he has traveled hundreds of miles to catch only to find a new trend in fashion has rendered them virtually worthless. This is a quirk of the paleface world the native can't fathom.

In lean years the company grubstake the natives. In some regions the bigger the bill he is allowed to run up the better the Indian feels. The best hunter is given the most credit and to be deeply in the hole increases his prestige.

The natives' tastes and needs vary tremendously from region to region and the company is obliged to cater to the local whims and dictates.

Violins on James Bay

The Indians on James Bay go wild over cowboy records and those at Lac Seul are just as crazy about Coke, chocolate bars and airplane joy riding. When they're in the chips, which is not often, they think little of blowing \$30 on a flip to the town of Hudson 18 air miles away. At treaty time, when they are given a small government handout, the Indians wedge themselves into the company store and indulge in an orgy of chocolate bar munching and Coke guzzling.

The James Bay Indian, who once smoked nothing but heavy black Irish twist, now prefers tailor-made cigarettes and rollings, but he still likes to play the violin. The old Scottish servants of the company's early days on Hudson Bay taught the natives how to saw out a tune.

The Indian and Eskimo are eligible for the family allowance and throughout the North the company helps the government distribute it. The native is not given his baby bonus in cash but draws it in kind. Every post stocks plenty of Pabulum for the local papooses.

The company still carries a supply of beads (made in Czechoslovakia) but they're not the fast-moving item they once were. The Indian has lost most of his handicraft skill and, in some regions, even buys his moccasins from the company post. Some of these are made on the machines of the Casey Jones Company in Winnipeg, others are bought from one tribe of Indians and sold to another.

The company purchases surplus moccasins from British Columbia Indians and retails them to the native on James Bay. Wolverine pelts are bought in British Columbia and sold to Eskimos who use the fur to trim their parkas, and deerskin bought from Eskimos at Chesterfield Inlet is sold to the natives of Baffin Land.

The Bay's most primitive customers are the Bathurst Inlet Eskimos who visit the company post only once a year to buy tea, tobacco and some ammunition. A few of them still hunt with a bow made from musk ox bones.

The company has never tried to sell an icebox to the Eskimo but recently it did try to sell aluminum canoes to the Indian. They hit the market with a tremendous thud. A few braves tried them out and reported the con-

traptions made a devil of a racket in choppy water. "No sale," they advised the post managers.

The problem the company faces in moving thousands of tons of supplies and building materials over the vast Northland is monumental.

Fifty tons of materials are needed to build a complete post and nine times out of 10 every nail has to be flown in. When the post site is on a river that does not provide sufficient landing room for the company's giant Canso, supplies are ferried in by the small Norsemen aircraft. The company's three planes carry about a million pounds of cargo a year as well as flying district managers, cost accountants and the top brass from one end of the country to the other.

Its fleet of polar ships sails close to 60,000 miles a year distributing 9,000 tons of supplies from Ungava Bay in the Eastern Arctic to the Beaufort Sea in the Western Arctic.

From early September to late July two polar ships, the Fort Ross and the Nigalik, plow through the ice-strewn sea distributing supplies and picking up furs in a risky race against freezeup. This summer, a new all-wooden ship, the Fort Hearne, sailed from Quebec through the Panama Canal to join the company fleet in the Western Arctic.

Queen of the H.B.C. fleet is the Prince Rupert, another new ship. The Rupert, successor to the famed Nascopie, is an all-steel vessel of 1,020 tons. She winters in Halifax and in June heads

depot even contracts for the skins of captive animals declared surplus by the city zoo.

When the company first set up shop on Hudson's Bay in the 17th century, it began to tap the richest beaver country in the world. More than two hundred years of indiscriminate slaughter virtually wiped out the beaver in large areas of the North. In a moment of enlightened self-interest, the company eventually began to replenish the Bay region. Today it maintains six beaver preserves around James Bay, comprising 46,000 square miles.

The company is also trying to restock the James Bay preserves with marten.

At its Bird's Hill ranch outside Winnipeg, Superintendent Bill Douglas raises a variety of foxes, mink, fisher, marten and even the odd lynx. Here Douglas will mate a Greenland blue fox with an Arctic white fox in the hope of developing an exotic new fur that will set Paris on her ears. But what happens? The baby foxes will be either all blue or all white, or several will be white and several blue. None will be spotted.

Blankets and liquor are no longer staple items of the fur trade as they once were, but the company is still renowned for both. The Indian can't afford Bay blankets and the government forbids him to touch anyone's liquor. Luckily, the American tourist goes wild over both. A subsidiary, the Hudson's Bay Company, Inc., peddles the company hootch in 28 states of the

in Edmonton, as well as 400,000 acres of land in the prairie provinces.

Playing the prairie land booms recklessly, the company made millions. In 1903 it turned over 350,000 acres at more than \$5 an acre and 400,000 acres were sold in 1918 at better than \$15. At one sale in Edmonton in 1912 the company sold \$5 millions worth of property. The remaining 400,000 acres are being sold at the rate of 100,000 a year and the Bay figures to be out of the land business by 1953 or '54.

Eagerness to cash in on the early land booms boomeranged on the Bay. When it came to build a modern department store in Winnipeg in 1926 it had to pay \$1 million for a site. And the land it paid the cash for had been its own under the original charter and had been given it a second time in the settlement of 1869.

The company's transformation from a fur trade giant into a department store giant was a natural. As brassy boom towns sprang up around the company forts these were gradually transformed into general stores, and out of these eventually sprang today's department stores.

And the Wealth Went Out

As big as it is in the department store field, the Bay should have been bigger. But, under Lord Strathcona, who was governor from 1899 to 1914, the Bay squandered the natural lead it held over its rivals.

Strathcona neglected both the fur trade and merchandising fields to play the land boom and to fashion his own career in politics and the Canadian Pacific. It was he who extended the CPR to the Pacific Coast, though Hollywood has recently given the credit to Randolph Scott.

But Strathcona did all right. When he died in 1914 he was worth more than \$20 millions. But the company was in bad shape on the merchandising front.

The late Douglas McKay, in his book, "The Honourable Company," put it this way: "There was a growing resentment against the company's long record of having taken wealth from the country while contributing not even the impressive buildings which boards of trade in ambitious cities regard as 'a stake in the community.'"

Today the Bay's department stores are impressive enough. You can ride the escalators through a maze of departments that will sell you anything from a pair of eyeglasses to a ton of coal. You can have your portrait taken, your hair set or your shoes shined. The Winnipeg store bakes its own bread, makes its own ice cream and pasteurizes its own milk. It stores 20,000 fur coats each year, does the city's biggest domestic coal business and will furnish any abode from a house to a hotel.

On a counter in the tiny post store at Windigo in the Ontario wilds a placard attracts the Indians to a counter piled high with an assortment of odds and ends. On the placard post manager Ross Finch has scrawled a few symbols of the Cree sign language. The symbols mean: "Little Cash—Cheap."

In Vancouver and Winnipeg the Bay gets across the same message to the natives in huge type splashed across full-page newspaper ads and the assortment of odds and ends fills an entire bargain basement.

The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay have turned super-salesmen. ★

This is the first of two articles on the Hudson's Bay Company. The second will appear in the next issue of Maclean's.

NEXT ISSUE

Yesterday's Hero — The George Young Story

What's happened to Canada's greatest swimming champion? He's hidden in a \$50 a week job in Philadelphia. Why?

Read Robert Thomas Allen's article in Sept. 1 Maclean's, on sale August 26.

north for Hudson Bay. From July until freezeup in October she works the Bay, reloading several times at Churchill. A pair of company schooners, the Fort Charles and Fort Severn, work out of Churchill and Moosonee on James Bay, and Newfoundland sealers are chartered to supply Baffin Island.

The ultimate goal of all this northern activity is to pour a stream of furs into the company's auction houses in London and New York. The company's auctions, held in London since 1672 and more recently in New York (by Lampson, Fraser & Huth, a wholly owned subsidiary), are world renowned. A third auction house is being built in Montreal and fur sales will be held there beginning in January.

A big seller at the London and New York auctions is Persian lamb from South and Southwest Africa. Years ago the company pioneered lamb ranching in Africa. Today so many Persian lambs are raised that their fur provides that area with a major export product.

In spite of its pre-eminence in the fur business, you can't count on buying a fur coat with the hammer-pricked initials H.B.C. on the inside of the skins when you shop at a Hudson's Bay store. The company buys its coats on the open market, as does any other retailer.

Besides its far-flung chain of posts, the company also operates eight raw fur collecting depots throughout Canada where it purchases pelts from trappers and ranchers. The Winnipeg

Union and sells stacks of the famous H.B.C. point blankets. The blankets are made in Britain.

The company operates a huge wholesale concern, with a cluster of satellites, throughout Canada. Hundreds of stores through the West stock its Fort Garry tea and coffee. The coffee is roasted in the Bay's own plants in Vancouver and Winnipeg. Hudson's Bay liquor, which the firm has bottled in Canada, Scotland, the West Indies and France, and its point blankets are also handled by its own wholesale outlets.

Oil Brought More Wealth

When oil was discovered in Alberta it meant more money in the Hudson's Bay Company kitty. The firm owns oil and mineral rights to 4,500,000 acres of prairie land. It had sold 2,500,000 acres of its holdings when, about 1910, it tumbled to the idea of holding back oil rights.

The company does not work the oil rights itself but has formed a partnership with the U. S. Consolidated Oil Company and the pair is raising derricks in the name of the Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas Company.

The Rupert's Land Trading Company, another Hudson's Bay offshoot, has the deeds to some strange and highly valuable properties in its vaults. It holds the titles to all the Bay stores, to a 72-suite apartment house in Regina, Gorge Vale golf course in Victoria and the Prince Rupert links

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GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

THE NEW DOUBLE EAGLE
in combination with Goodyear's
matchless LifeGuard Safety Tube—
is unquestionably today's
final word in motoring luxury,
comfort and safety.

While compiling "The Book" he became fascinated with the stories of adventure and heroism that naturally abound in a near-wilderness land surrounded by seas. He approached F. M. O'Leary, St. John's wholesale merchant, with a brain wave. How about putting Joe Smallwood on the air to tell Newfoundland yarns and legends? Call him the Barrelman (like the lookout on a sealing boat), urge listeners to buy O'Leary-handled soaps and other products, and . . .

O'Leary, a bluff St. John's Irishman whose interest in increased sales does not detract from his sincere enthusiasm for his country, was delighted.

On the air went Joe the Barrelman at \$45 a week. His gradually developing warmth and color of delivery soon had Newfoundland ears affixed to their radios at 6.45 nightly from Cape Race to Cape Ray to Cape Bauld.

For nearly seven years Joey yarned and chatted and made friends with the lonely, isolated families of Newfoundland's countless coves and bays and inlets. In 1,752 nights on the air, he told them close to 10,000 stories and anecdotes which gave them a new appreciation of their own land, their own achievements, and a new pride in being Newfoundlanders. In return they wrote him 60,000 letters, called him 15,000 times by telephone, welcomed him to 700 of their settlements, and 12,000 of them came to the studios to see him.

From Microphone to Pigsty

No one has forgotten how the Barrelman helped old Mrs. Carrol of North River celebrate her 111th, 112th and 113th birthdays. The last was the gala occasion and only Joe would have thought to summon a noble lord to read greetings from the King and Queen, the Monsignor to impart a special papal blessing, and someone else to read a letter of congratulations from Col. McCormick of The Chicago Tribune.

"Joe was as proud of that show as he was later to win the country for Confederation," swears an associate who was there.

The Barrelman quit his radio perch abruptly during the war, in another one of his sudden shifts, to raise pigs. He stuck at this until the war ended and the cause of confederation called.

However the debate may rage (and in St. John's it rages constantly) as to Smallwood's success or failure in his earlier manifestations, his severest critic won't waste breath denying his brilliance as a political fighter, and above all as a public campaigner.

He managed his first election campaign, for the then Labor Party, in the Newfoundland general election of 1919; Labor lost. When he managed the Liberals under Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Squires in 1928, the Liberals won by a landslide.

But four years later the avalanche tumbled in the opposite direction: Smallwood himself was defeated, and the Conservatives swept into power just as the country went bankrupt.

The new administration appointed a royal commission to find a way out and in 1933 accepted with relief its recommendations for a political moratorium during which Newfoundland should be ruled by a commission of government directed from London. The nonelected commissioners were destined to stay in power 16 years.

During these 16 years politics took a holiday until on Dec. 16, 1945, British Prime Minister Attlee announced that Newfoundlanders would be asked to elect delegates to a national convention at which the merits of various forms of self-government could be debated, the

final decision to be made by the people in a national referendum.

At last the generally detested commission government was to go and government by the people again supplant rule from above. But should Newfoundland become a Dominion again? Join Canada? Make a deal with the United States?

The political armistice disrupted with all the uproar of warring beliefs and opinions which had been too long dammed back—and in the middle of it all was Joe Smallwood.

A Magic Wand at Ottawa

An intensive, two months' study convinced him that confederation with Canada offered the best future to the country he loved. A fast-moving, three-year campaign, probably unequaled in Canadian politics, saw Convert Smallwood win over to the confederation idea a people bitterly opposed to it for 80 years and end up with a personal following the strength of which few leaders anywhere could rival.

His first stunt was to announce his conversion in a series of 11 letters to the editor of the St. John's Daily News outlining the advantages of union with Canada.

Next he got elected to the national convention from Bonavista Centre. The anti-Confederates were astounded when the convention opened in September, 1946, and the gentleman from Bonavista Centre had the nerve to suggest sending a delegation to Ottawa to ask terms. By the time he wore them down almost a year later and himself went to Ottawa as secretary of the investigating committee in June, 1947, the fight had really begun.

Canada took a hands-off attitude toward the great Newfoundland debate and had no intention of offering terms until and if her easterly cousins declared unmistakably for union. Precisely how Smallwood plucked the document he so dearly desired out of Ottawa's hat is a trick of sleight of hand that few people even in the Canadian capital ever clearly understood. True, he had a canny assistant—convention and delegation chairman Gordon F. Bradley—but it was Joe's magic wand that did the trick.

The reassembled convention tried to blast the whole project but Joe promptly swapped his magic wand for a radio microphone. The mike was available to all delegates, of course, but it was the ex-Barrelman whose voice won instant recognition among Newfoundlanders, and it was he who knew how to put the air time to best use.

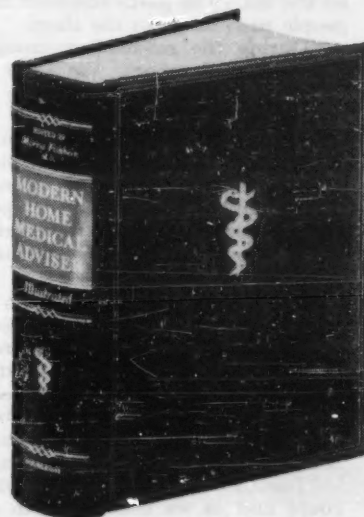
One listener who undoubtedly realized that the talkative Smallwood wasn't just filibustering into the mike was F. M. O'Leary, who became president of the Responsible Government League and one of confederation's most redoubtable foes. It must have dawned on O'Leary just about this time that in sponsoring Joey as the radio Barrelman for seven years he had paid good money to help him become the best known voice and personality in Newfoundland.

"The bargain was fair enough," the famous Barrelman has been known to comment. "I built him a million-dollar business."

When the convention adjourned in March, 1948, Smallwood's teammate Gordon Bradley promptly went on the air in a special broadcast which brought in 50,000 signed demands that confederation be put on the ballot along with responsible government (Dominion status) and continuation of the commission regime. The British Government acceded, and the referendum fight was on.

After one stalemate vote, union

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The Smallwood Saga

Continued from page 13

holding shirt-sleeved court in the living room. St. Laurent and Smallwood posters ("Vote for Joe, the man in the Know") hung in the street-side bay window. Favorite newspaper photos of campaign highlights were mounted, framed, upon the walls above bookcases containing everything from politics to whodunits.

Tired from arduous weeks of campaigning at a rate that might well faze a Churchill in his prime, Smallwood lounged in complete relaxation, his slight figure almost lost in a large, chintz-covered chair, and chatted easily with several interviewers at once. Those present included two magazine men and two M.P.'s; his close friend, shadow and special courier, Ray Petten; son Bill, saying nothing from a window seat; and daughter Clara playing with a baby turtle in a water-filled dish. (The family touch is not always lacking even in the Premier's offices. Young Clara is said once to have swished in upon a cabinet meeting in riding togs and to have volunteered her disagreement with certain portfolio appointments before being almost forcibly ejected by her irate father.)

As some of the callers departed others arrived, like a come-and-go tea party, and interruptions spawned within interruptions, but the little man in the big chair gave patient ear to all comers and their problems—including those poured into his troubled ear via the frequently ringing telephone.

Among other points of distinction, Joe is surely the only head of government anywhere who does state business over a party telephone line (2413-A).

In all fairness it must be realized that Smallwood was only elected in May, was fighting a hot federal campaign until the end of June, and his first assembly wasn't called until July. If it is still a bit early to size up Hon. Joseph R. Smallwood in the job of chief executive, there's plenty of evidence at hand as to his performance in earlier roles.

The Smallwood restlessness is shown as early as his school days; in Newfoundland, where every school is a separate school, Joe tried them all—Roman Catholic, Church of England, Methodist (he lists himself today as United Church)—but quit school at 15.

As a reporter, the career he chose after two years as a printer's apprentice, he received \$25 a week from the St. John's Evening Telegram for covering trans-Atlantic flights (he lived with Alcock and Brown while they prepared for the first nonstop hop to Ireland) and raids on rum runners.

Then setting out to see the world he was staff man or free lance for papers in Halifax, Boston, New York and London for eight years. He reported on religious fanatics for American Sunday supplements and interviewed touring Commonwealth prime ministers for Empire-minded Fleet Street editors.

But he was never wholeheartedly a newspaperman. His jobs were merely designed to provide bed and board; his free time he spent in public libraries (studying, for instance, the causation of crime) and attending the rallies of every political party and splinter group.

He soon became possessed of what was then coming to be known as a social conscience. Joining the American Labor Party he harangued street corner groups to support strikers. Campaigning for the short-lived U. S. Progressive Party's "Fighting Bob" LaFollette in the presidential election of 1924 he politely shared a police permit to hold a meeting in the Poughkeepsie town square with a

Democratic Party speaker named Eleanor Roosevelt.

In 1925 Joe was home reorganizing a local of the International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers at Grand Falls, Newfoundland, and starting a new one at Corner Brook.

Then one day, short-cutting from his boardinghouse to the Corner Brook mill along the railway track, he encountered a section hand who lowered his pick, straightened a weary back, and asked, "Joe—why don't you organize us?"

"Why do you need a union?" asked Smallwood.

The government-owned Newfoundland Railway, explained the section hand, was going to cut maintenance gang pay from 25 to 22½ cents an hour for a 10-hour day.

Joe said he'd see what he could do.

A section is eight miles of track with a crew of four men to guard and repair the right of way, and there were 66 sections along the tortuous 527-mile route the Newfoundland Railway takes from St. John's across the island to Port-aux-Basques.

Joe Smallwood signed up section crew 66 at Port-aux-Basques and started walking east in the early August heat. Three months and three pairs of boots later he limped into the station at Avondale, 36 miles short of St. John's, in a late October snow flurry. On his paid-up list he had the names of every maintenance man with one exception ("He refused point-blank").

In the Avondale station he encountered the chairman of the Newfoundland Railway Commission and the line's general manager.

"We settled it right there on the station platform," recalls the pick swinger's friend. The big brass agreed to cut the pay cut, Joe gave in to his feet and rode a train the rest of the way into St. John's.

A few months later he was back into politics—in England this time. He got on the hustings to support a Labor candidate in a by-election.

A Movie, a Biography

Joe's final fling as a labor organizer came some years later during the depression when conditions were desperate among Newfoundland's fishermen. He went among them organizing sellers' strikes to force up the price of fish. Then at a village called Pouch Cove, he organized a fisherman's co-operative which was later taken over by the government.

Smallwood the reporter and Smallwood the labor organizer were never more than a heartbeat removed from Smallwood the native son. During the years of exile he always had a map of Newfoundland to unfurl on each rooming house wall.

Down in the States he met Ernest Shipman, roving Canadian film producer of "The Man From Glengarry" and "Cameron of the Royal Mounted." Joe talked him into making a picture in Newfoundland. This involved Joe's agreeing to make a trip home himself and raise funds locally for the production.

Again, while in London, he published a biography of Sir William Coaker, the first man to try to help Newfoundland's fishermen through co-operatives, and the inspiration for Joe's own subsequent venture into this field.

Back home again in 1931 he published "The New Newfoundland," and in 1936 an ambitious two-volume, morocco-bound book of knowledge called "The Book of Newfoundland." The research required for this project started its editor on an entirely new career.

How Toronto's Evening Papers Slanted the Election News

Continued from page 11

"Typical hecklers at the Oshawa meeting are pictured above. The disturbers, numbering about a score, were mostly young men in sports shirts and zoot pants."

A few nights later Drew arrived in Quebec City. Of this event, the Star (June 20) wrote: "All afternoon and evening Progressive Conservative organizers dashed about the city trying to persuade a crowd to be present at the station at 11 p.m. when Mr. Drew's train arrived . . . there was no demonstration and no cheering except from a party group which surrounded Mr. Drew himself . . . French-language newspapermen here consider that it was a very poor reception indeed for the leader of a national party."

Here's what the Telegram had to say: "George Drew has been welcomed to Quebec. Beyond any question he has been welcomed and the welcome has been tumultuous . . . the crowd burst through the cordon of special police recruited to maintain order . . . the Drews were swept through Quebec City in a honking motorcade that stretched for well over a mile . . ."

On June 21, St. Laurent held what was probably his most important political meeting in Canada in Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto. The two papers agreed that more than 13,000 people attended. The most significant news about the meeting, according to the Telegram (June 22), were the adventures of an anonymous heckler from Saint John, N.B. The meeting itself was relegated to page three, while the heckler was written up on page one.

Under the head "Phooey!" the heckler was shown in a 5½ by 7½ photograph, with his arm raised in anger and disgust. The caption explained that the man was "abandoning the rally even before Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent rose to address it. His one attempt at heckling, he said, brought warning from burly attendants to keep quiet or his face would be 'smashed in.'"

An interview with the heckler was featured in a story below the picture which carried the headline RALLY STRONG-ARM SQUAD CURBS HECKLERS BY FEAR. The Telegram reporter quoted the N.B. heckler: "I daren't give you my name and I daren't go back in there. They'd massacre me."

"The Facts Are Different"

What did the Star have to say about the heckler from Saint John? The man booed. Then, "He was advised by a Gardens attendant that he would have to leave the audience if he continued to make a disturbance. The man left his seat muttering . . . he was neither threatened nor 'hustled out' of the meeting . . . He walked out of the Gardens unescorted after a reporter and photographer from Toronto's other evening newspaper had unsuccessfully pleaded with him to stage another demonstration. When he refused to do this, they persuaded him to pose with raised arms as he came out of the street door of the building."

"Out on Carlton Street the two renewed their demands on the man, who, obviously anxious to get away, agreed to walk through the door again. The first try wasn't successful. He looked too much like any other taxpayer emerging from a political rally. Not until he raised his arm and tried

to look disgusted did the photographer's bulb flash."

While the Prime Minister was preparing for that rally, the Opposition leader was driving into Granby, Que., followed by a cavalcade of cars. A reception was described in a 25-inch story in the Star (June 22) by correspondent Dennis Braithwaite, headlined DREW "TAKEN ABACK" AS "OPEN HOSTILITY" HITS HIM AT GRANBY.

The Telegram, which had been steadily reporting Drew's conquest of French Canada, commented editorially on Braithwaite's report. "The facts are quite different," said the editorial (June 24). "Mr. Braithwaite was not even at Granby. He was not within miles of that city when Mr. Drew held his meeting . . . The Braithwaite byline was a complete falsehood, as was the entire story. Mr. Drew received an enthusiastic welcome and tremendous ovation at Granby, as he has everywhere in Quebec."

St. Laurent, Feeble and Vigorous

Heckling was back in the headlines on June 25—this time at a Drew meeting in the Belleville, Ont., arena. "A group of husky Progressive Conservative supporters," said the Star, "resorted to violence to silence and disperse 10 young men who booed and heckled George Drew . . . Five of the hecklers were surrounded and beaten by from 30 to 40 enraged Drew followers . . . local policemen on duty made no effort to intervene in the fight and went up to the gallery only after the hecklers had been routed and the Progressive Conservative strong-arm boys had come down . . ."

According to the Telegram reporter's version of the fracas, the police played an active role and the incident closed when, "As nearly as I could ascertain, five men were thrown out of the arena by the police . . ."

And what was Drew doing while all this was going on? Says the Star: "Mr. Drew stopped speaking and watched from the platform . . . His laughter and evident enjoyment spurred the attack on . . ."

Observed the Telegram: "I could hear George Drew talking down below. 'I must explain to you, ladies and gentlemen,' he said, evidently for the benefit of the air audience, 'that there has been a commotion here.' Then I couldn't hear any more for the people around me were shuffling in their seats and drowned out his words."

Does St. Laurent genuinely love children? Anyone who read the pre-election issues of the Star is bound to answer yes. Dozens of pictures of the Prime Minister with children were published in the Star. He was photographed playing with them, talking to them, kissing them. In Nova Scotia, he was mobbed by youngsters (Star, May 19) who wanted to shake his hand. In Moncton, N.B., a little girl gave him a bunch of flowers and afterward said, "My he's nice" (Star May 21). In the Goderich area (Star, June 3) he was "swerved off his course by mothers and babies." On June 4 a Star headline noted that LOVE OF CHILDREN WRECKED ST. LAURENT TOUR SCHEDULE.

Telegram reporters, however, succeeded from time to time, in casting some doubt. According to the Telegram (June 3) some of the photos published as spontaneous were taken under the direction of "a photographer employed by a Liberal pamphlet."

"Inwardly," notes the Telegram, during a baby-kissing episode, "the Prime Minister was rebelling against these demands to dramatize his affection for children for the cause of



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Measure into large bowl
1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of
1 envelope Fleischmann's
Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald
3/4 cup milk
Remove from heat and stir in
1/4 cup granulated sugar
2-1/4 teaspoons salt
4-1/2 tablespoons shortening
Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture; stir in
1/4 cup lukewarm water
Stir in
2-1/4 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in
2-1/4 cups more once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, prepare

ORANGE FILLING

Combine in a saucepan
2-1/2 tablespoons corn starch
1/2 cup granulated sugar
Gradually blend in
1/3 cup cold water
1/3 cup orange juice

1-1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
and add
1 tablespoon grated orange
rind
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Bring to the boil, stirring constantly; boil gently, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened; cool.

Punch down dough; form into a smooth ball. Roll into an oblong 1/4-inch thick and 26 inches long; loosen dough from board. Spread with cooled orange filling.

Beginning at a long edge, roll up loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place in greased muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 25 min. Serve hot, with butter or margarine.



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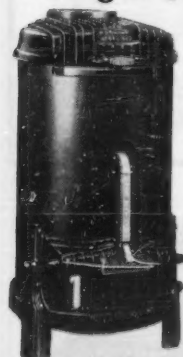
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with Canada won handily in July, after which the tide really turned toward the diminutive father of confederation. It ended with his triumphant election as Premier of Newfoundland's first provincial government last May.

How Joe Smallwood won the country put his previous political performances in shadow. He was shrewd enough to realize that a painstaking job of education was necessary to make his countrymen understand Canada's complex federal system, so far removed from their own simple island setup. He himself has often described the technique by which he translated his case for confederation into simple terms:

This Is a Cat, Not a Dog

"This is a black cat. It is not a white cat. It is not a black cat with white paws. It is not a dog. It is a cat. It is a black cat..."

Joe talked and traveled, worked and wrote 18 hours a day to drive home his simplified, reiterated arguments.

Name callers branded him Judas Iscariot and Quisling, but Joe was here, there and everywhere by car, train, boat and plane, calling people by name and telling them the great news about social security and new opportunities he was sure confederation would bring them.

Very early Joe perfected aerial support as a political weapon. "A plane is the most spectacular form of campaigning," he says. "You circle over a little village and come down on the sea. The plane coasts in as the people rush down to the shore."

"During the referendum campaign I seldom went ashore. We'd put up a horn on each wing of the little float plane and I'd speak into the mike with my head stuck out the door. As I'd start to talk, boats would put off all along the beach and soon the plane would be surrounded with people sitting there silently in their drifting skiffs, elbows on arms, chins in cupped hands, listening."

Smallwood's pilot during the provincial election, Capt. Francis Fleming of Maritime Central Airways, recalls that he developed a case of operational twitch the first time he circled an outport with the Liberal leader aboard. To his horror menacing puffs of smoke began popping all about his wingtips.

"I set down on the sea as fast as I could and as we coasted in to shore the whole village came rushing to meet us, the men all brandishing these fiendish-looking sealing guns—muzzle-loading jobs with barrels seven feet long."

The outside observer gathers that no self-respecting bayman or outporter would think of attending any kind of public function unless thus armed and with plenty of black powder in the horn. The idea is to blast away as frequently as possible in tribute to the distinguished visitor of the moment.

"And the nearer they can get to the victim when they let go, the prettier the compliment," explains Fleming in wonder.

So mounted the triumphal tour. At Hearts Delight children showered Joey with flower petals. At Green's Harbor, it was rice. In the Bay de Verde district women pushed forward to kiss his feet, and often tears gleamed in every eye.

"Some of those meetings were so packed with emotion," Smallwood remarked recently, "that it made you fill up yourself. Then you can really pull out all the stops."

Hearing Joe Smallwood talk with all or even most of the stops pulled out is a refreshing experience. When not

campaigning by air, the Premier usually arrives at the town where a meeting is scheduled at the tail end of a 50-car cavalcade. The cars are all prodigally plastered with orange and red posters shouting "This time let's all be on the winning side—vote Liberal." (The same poster was reportedly seen on trucks of the provincial highways department shortly before the federal election.)

The next-to-last car carries a brace of loud-speaker horns and as the first houses come into view these begin a monotonous metallic chant: "The car behind contains the Honorable Joseph R. Smallwood, Premier of Newfoundland. The car behind contains..."

Nearly every front yard produces its quota of waving hands, babies being held up for a good look and youngsters who run along in the dust beside the slow-moving parade, as the famous Joey does his best to wave back at everybody.

Winding down to the sea between white frame houses, the cars finally cluster in front of a two-story building. Upstairs is a small hall in which perhaps 200 men, women and children have already gathered; outside is an overflow throng of at least as many again.

The Premier is introduced, walks to the front of the platform, takes a small microphone in one hand and raises it to within a few inches of his mouth, and begins to speak with his easy practiced flow.

On the night in June when he spoke in the town of Placentia, on a cliff above which stand the ruins of forts established after the Treaty of Utrecht put Newfoundland briefly into the hands of the French, Joe Smallwood told his audience that this was the proudest moment of his life. "... To be received into the hearts of the people of the ancient and honorable capital of Newfoundland, this town of saints and scholars, a town whose sons have achieved fame in arts and letters and diplomacy—this is the proudest moment of my life."

"I may be unworthy of it but I pledge you my honor—I will not let you down."

The Promise of a Fair Future

His audience was warming up. Their sweaty faces glowed red in the long-evening sunlight.

The little man in the campaign-weary blue serge suit with the wrinkled pinstripe, talked on, chopping and slashing at the stifling air with his mike-free hand. He told them how sorry he was that their fellow townsman, the Liberal candidate for the riding in the provincial election, had been defeated. But he pointed out that there was "still a chance to get on the winning side—the Liberal side" in the forthcoming federal election.)

And then he got to the heart of the matter—the bridge across the narrow salt-water gut that separates the people of Placentia from the settlement

across the way, known as Jersey Side.

Joey reminded them that bridging the gut was a dream born in the hearts of their forefathers before anyone in the room was alive. He recalled telling their ill-fated provincial candidate that the bridge would be forthcoming should he win the riding, and he had lost.

"But how can I come here to this warm reception," he asked as tension mounted in the hall until the place was almost radioactive, "and not give you my assurance that win, lose or draw in this next election—please God—we will put the bridge there, and span the gut!"

The cheering within and without the hall must have echoed upward to bounce among the ruins of the French forts and startle the ghosts of weary warriors. And that didn't end it: there was still to repeat once again the confederation story, explaining which matters are the concern of the federal government and which the concern of the provincial. ("This is a black cat, not a white cat...")

Through it all ran the promise of a future in which the basic securities of life would be underwritten by the new land of which their country had now become a part—securities guaranteed as they never had been before to these people, come feast, come famine, come depression, come disaster at sea.

That Deft Smallwood Touch

To illustrate how Newfoundlanders had for centuries toiled their lives away hoping for no more than this, he stopped in full tilt to stretch a hand toward a white-headed old man in the front row.

"You, sir," he said courteously, leaning forward, "you know what it is to have toiled your life away for your loved ones. Why, you must be in your seventies, sir—"

"Eighty-one," came a determined croak from the bent figure close to the platform.

Joe straightened abruptly, stared his whole audience full in the face and raised his arms in a gesture of disbelief.

"Eighty-one!" He echoed the words quietly but in italics, his voice filled with simple awe and wonderment.

And somehow, just in the way he said it, that simple fact became a splendid shining thing in the reflection of which the ancient citadel of Placentia took on new honor, the brave and rugged island of Newfoundland acquired a finer heritage, Canada herself grew in stature another cubit.

It was all over a moment later, with cheering and horn honking and laughing and back slapping and old ladies and little children being led up the aisle "to shake Mr. Smallwood's hand."

The woman who knew everybody in the hall by name was sizable, hearty and Irish, and as she kept the line moving she looked around at a visitor and exclaimed hugely, "Isn't he wonderful, our Joey?" ★

NEXT ISSUE

I Live in the Wilds — And Like It

A wilderness housewife tells you her story.

Read Freda Fitzpatrick Woodhouse's article in Sept. 1 Maclean's, on sale August 26.

MAILBAG

"I Am Under Sentence of Death"

With reference to the article ("Until You Are Dead") in your June 1 issue:

You are entirely right when you state innocent people have been legally murdered through an error of justice. It has been done in the past, it is being done today, and it will be done again . . .

I can give no decent explanation why a jury of decent citizens will send a man to his death on a set of minor suspicions . . . Taking an innocent man's life is one thing . . . do they consider the suffering that precedes such an injustice, can they imagine all the loneliness, the anguish and humiliation a condemned man is subjected to? . . .

I am in a position to express myself in this manner because I am under sentence of death for a crime that does not even exist. For the past 25 months I went through all kinds of hell and as a result, my wife is in a state of complete nervous depression, my father is hardly able to walk, my brother was operated for ulcers caused from worrying, my beloved mother has reduced from a healthy 165 pounds to a mere 105 pounds, my little 9-year-old daughter has been crying her eyes out for the last two years, and finally we are all left on the border of mendacity . . . —Marcel Marcotte, Bordeaux Jail, Montreal.

Twice tried for the same murder, twice sentenced to hang, the date of his execution twice postponed, Marcel Marcotte wrote this letter from his cell in Bordeaux jail where he awaits judgment in a second appeal. In court, Marcotte said that Marcel Boileau (for whose death in April 1947 he has been held responsible) committed suicide by shooting himself in the head while driving with Marcotte; a medico-legal expert testified that the angle of the bullet did not indicate suicide. Evidence was presented that after Boileau's death his body remained in the back of the car for several days during which Marcotte drove his own daughter to her first communion and told Mrs. Boileau her husband had decided to go away. After two Jesuit priests subsequently found the body in a shallow grave Marcotte said that he was afraid to tell the truth at first because of an old police record. After his first conviction an appeal court granted Marcotte a new trial but the second jury also found him guilty, so a second appeal was launched. Sentenced at the second trial to be executed July 29, Marcotte has been granted a stay of execution until Nov. 18, pending judgment on his appeal. —The Editors.

Seven for Newfoundland

May I compliment Maclean's for its attempt to stimulate its readers' interest in parliamentary affairs by its "Catechism for Voters" by Earl McCarron, June 15.

However, answer 2, referring to the size of the 21st Parliament of Canada to be elected on June 27, reads "False. Present number of 245 will be increased to 255." Mr. McCarron, quite obvi-

ously, forgot Newfoundland with seven members. Thus the correct number of members of the 21st Parliament is 262.

Answer 4, re Governor-General's salary, "£10,000." Reference to the published blue book of Dominion Government estimates shows the Governor-General is paid a salary of \$48,667. I believe it used to be £10,000, but some time ago, by statute, the British pound sterling was fixed at \$4.86 for purposes of the Governor-General's salary, which is paid in Canadian funds and no income tax. —J. A. Hume, Ottawa.

More About Spiders

Enjoyed recent article on spiders by Fred Bodsworth. Unfortunately did not mention humane characteristics of spiders or lessons taught. The "try, try again" spider made history. Very existence depend on trial and error. Are not born with ability to make perfect webs. Failure means starvation. Best webs best living and to old age . . . Some spiders slothful and poor workmen; never learn thus pay in death. —P. A. Bayliffe, London, Ont.

RC's vs. Communism

Was much disgusted by H. A. Traxler's statement (Mailbag, May 15) that "There is no institution on earth so guilty of causing people to become Communists as the Catholic Church." Does H. A. Traxler know that prayers after Mass are said weekly for the conversion of Russia? —Miss Joan Crayton, Detroit, Mich.

Cheers for the Hobsons

I've read Richmond P. Hobson's article ("The Horse That Wouldn't Die," June 15) with much enjoyment. Splendid writing I call that, from a fine human being. One cannot but wish you could obtain other stories from the same source. —K. C. Bryant, Rochester, N.Y.

● Mr. Hobson did not mention in referring ("In the Editors' Confidence," June 15) to what his father did at Santiago (Rear Admiral Hobson

sank the Merrimac to block the Spanish Fleet) that volunteers were called for to make the swim to the Merrimac. Richmond P. Hobson was the volunteer who was chosen and he did the job well. His name was kept in the papers for the next five or 10 years, and during that time he was elected to Congress.

I recall his repeated warnings that the U. S. was threatened with an attack by the Japanese. —W. G. Macconnell, St. Vital, Man.

Maggie and Mary

My wife and I have just finished reading June Callwood's excellent and penetrating article about our daughter Beryl ("Meet Maggie Muggins," July 1). However, we feel that any article on Maggie Muggins should point up the fact that a great deal of Beryl's success in radio is due to the kind, patient and thoroughly expert coaching of Mary Grannan, who writes and directs the show. —Max Braithwaite, Streetsville, Ont.

Chicago's Tribune

Your June 15 article, "The Big Wind From Chicago," conveys the impression that the Chicago Tribune is anti-Canadian, and that the Tribune readers are being fed a diet which should induce them to develop feelings of hostility, contempt and superiority toward Canadians. As an American married to a Canadian and a regular Tribune reader for many years, I have never received this impression from the Tribune editorial or news columns. —Robert McClory, Chicago, Ill.

Bloodhounds Silenced

Re "What's Your Verdict?—The Bloodhounds Wouldn't Talk" (May 15). Having personally known the owner of the bloodhounds referred to it may interest your many readers to learn that . . . after this man was acquitted the dog owner and his wife found all four of their hounds lying dead in their kennels, victims of poisoning.

"Now, what's your verdict?" —R. T. Coleman, Vancouver, B.C.

What's So Funny?

You published a cartoon (May 1) of a man falling off a ladder and spilling a can of paint. The day before that issue came I fell off the bottom step of my stepladder covering myself with paint, and breaking a bone in one knee. I have been in bed ever since . . .

As a rule I like your magazine very much, but you do need to cultivate a more refined sense of humor. Or perhaps you would like to try 10

weeks in a cast, and try getting paint out of your hair and ears! Best wishes to a good magazine. —Mrs. Mary Parliament, Woodville, Ont.

Bottle-Fed Babies

Fritz Kahn's statement ("Let Your Child Grow Up," July 1) that a mother has no right to that title unless she nurses her baby at her breast is cruel . . . I am only one of many mothers to whom it was physically impossible to feed my baby in nature's way . . . I realize that some mothers don't want to feed their children even if they can, but as I see it, if they could be forced to do it their resentment would make their milk unpalatable. I am afraid I consider the doctor's remarks on this subject careless and thoughtless to a shocking degree . . . —Jean McClur, Beatty, Sask.

● Fritz Kahn's article . . . talking about an infant's "hatred" for his father as his "chief rival" in his "mother's love" is pure bunk. Most



baby boys and older boys are intensely interested in their fathers and are apt to regard their mothers as agents of endless "don'ts." —A. V. Watts, Sooke, B.C.

● Dr. Kahn deserves thanks and congratulations for his article "Let Your Child Grow Up." Alas, there are many sons in our midst who have been conditioned as Dr. Kahn describes . . . However, the possible reaction of some readers to Dr. Kahn's plea for breast feeding might be something like this, "I cannot help my antisocial attitudes because I was bottle-fed." . . . Are not breast-fed babies just as often antisocial in adult life as the bottle-fed? —M. N. Sherman, M.D., Victoria, B.C.

Crackpots

Why must a national magazine give so much publicity to crackpots such as T. T. Shields ("The Battling Baptist," June 15) and Houde and "strident nationalists of Quebec"? —J. F., London, Ont.

Artists Upheld

I have just concluded that 98% of the enjoyment I derive from Maclean's is obtained before even opening it. The covers are splendid and I usually spend several minutes taking in all the details and admiring them.

There certainly must be a lot more young people like myself who enjoy your magazine regularly, but not your wild queer stories about death, and those horrid illustrations that go with them. Why not some good love story about human beings for a change? —A. H. R., Cottam, Ont.



propaganda . . . at every whistle stop they (St. Laurent's Ontario sponsors) gather the young around him with ice cream cones as bribes. It is supposed to be grand stuff for propaganda."

On page one of the same day's issue of the Telegram there is a large picture of Drew and three-year-old Betty Spencer of New Westminster, B.C. As the caption explains, "Betty is really enjoying meeting George Drew—with whom she is sharing her sunshade."

What physical and mental effects did the grueling seven-week campaign have on 67-year-old St. Laurent?

On the evening of June 24, James Y. Nicol of the Telegram saw the Prime Minister in action at Bannerman Park, St. John's, Nfld., and wired his paper (June 25) as follows:

"Today the leader of a once great political party faces the electors of Canada, confused, bewildered and vexed. His campaign, to which he intended to lend great dignity, ended up here in a rollicking burlesque . . . Overcome with shame—both for himself and his political affiliations—Mr. St. Laurent last night in his final appeal to the nation was unable to deal in a forthright manner with the main issues concerning the electorate . . . he delivered his most feeble address."

Exactly 48 hours later, Jack Karr of the Star listened to a speech by the same St. Laurent in the broad churchyard of St. Fidele in Quebec City. Following are bits from his story (June 27):

"Precisely at 11.10 last night, the Prime Minister completed a campaign tour . . . And as his last words rang out . . . Louis St. Laurent was stronger in voice and seemingly stronger in body than he had been at the outset of the tour . . . His step was brisk, his eyes were bright and there was a vigor in his voice . . ."

Under normal circumstances, the editors of rival papers often show an uncanny unanimity in selecting the most important stories for page one and in extracting the most newsworthy section for headline treatment. This, however, was seldom true of the Telegram and Star in their treatment of the election news.

When St. Laurent gave his opening election broadcast, for example, the Star (June 9) gave it a front-page banner headline SOCIAL SECURITY LIBERAL PLEDGE followed by a 35-inch story.

The Telegram of the same date ignored the speech, but found space on their front page to start a 46-inch story about Judge J. A. McGibbon of Lindsay, Ont., who after 16 years of being forced to use the women's powder room, had been voted one of his own by the Victoria County Council.

Looking for an Angle

Of Drew's speech in Charlottetown, P.E.I., the Telegram headline (May 10) read SAVE CONFEDERATION BY VOTE IN JUNE DREW PLEDGE, while the Star's was DECENTRALIZE OTTAWA WHEN WE WIN—DREW SAYS.

Reporting the St. Laurent rally at Lunenburg, N.S., the Telegram's headline (May 14) was OWN POLICY VAGUE ST. LAURENT'S BLAST AT PC PARTY IS DUD. The Star version: NEW US TREATY TO AID CANADIAN EXPORTER PREMIER ANTICIPATES.

At Stratford, Ont., the Prime Minister gave a long address on housing, the CNR, and Canadian prosperity. This was duly recorded in the Star (June 3) by a 50-inch story under the head, READY TO AID ANY PLAN TO BUILD DECENT HOMES ST. LAURENT DECLARES.

The Telegram version was 17 inches long. It was headed, ST. LAURENT FATIGUED CUTS HANDSHAKING HURRIES FROM MEET. Half the space was devoted to the "fatigue" and the attempts of a member of the audience to ask an embarrassing question. The remainder of the story—approximately eight inches—deals with the speech proper in negative terms. For example: "He attempted to dismiss Opposition Leader George Drew's criticism of North Star plane contracts simply by saying . . ." "He brushed off the housing shortage with these remarks . . ."

The Star noted (June 6) that St. Laurent's speech at St. Appollinaire, Que., represented "the highest kind of statesmanship" and ran it under the head FORGET I'M A CATHOLIC VOTE FOR ME AS MAN ST. LAURENT TO QUEBEC.

The Telegram's headline was less laudatory: ST. LAURENT SHUNS ANSWER TO CHARGES OF RACIAL TACTICS.

Sometimes a political angle was injected into nonpolitical stories. On June 21 the Star published the following dispatch about the opening of the Fifth Canadian Penal Congress in Kingston:

PRISON REFORMS SAID GREATEST UNDER LIBERALS. "During the last three years of the Liberal administration greater advances were made in the care and treatment of prisoners than in the previous century, J. Alex Edmison told the Fifth Canadian Penal Congress . . ."

Edmison said no such thing. I covered the congress as a radio correspondent, followed Edmison's speech from a typewritten copy. Similar copies were distributed to all news

papermen there. It was a nonpolitical speech and at no time was the name of the Liberal administration mentioned.

The Star's headline and lead were derived from the following excerpt: "I submit that there has been more constructive advance in the science of penology in Canada during the past three years than in all the previous 97."

Throughout the campaign a small army of nameless people worked overtime, and they deserve a mention here. These were the people who allowed themselves to be quoted in the Star in support of the Liberals, and in the Telegram, on behalf of the Conservatives. They included: "A prominent Quebecer," "A veteran Liberal," "A well-known Drew backer," "A responsible official," "A prominent Union Nationale party official," "Political peers," "Key people," "An honest person looking at the election objectively," "Minor party officials," "An informed political source," "A political writer."

Both the Star and the Telegram squeezed whatever political advantage they could out of the news of the day.

On June 3, the Canadian Press (CP) sent out a routine story based on a release by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Both papers carried the release—but in slightly different form.

The Star gave it 1½ inches on page one with the heading LIVING INDEX SHOWS SLIGHT RISE. The story "Ottawa June 3 (CP)—Canada's cost-of-living index, showing a slight upward trend for the second successive month, rose a fifth of a point during April from 159.3 to 159.5, the bureau of statistics reported today."

In the Telegram this news made the front-page banner headline LIVING COSTS NEAR RECORD. The head-

ing, over a six-inch story, said, UP TO 159.5 DEARER FOOD, CLOTHING.

One of the great unanswered questions of the 1949 election campaign is, "Which film was booed more—The St. Laurent Story or The Drew Story?" Torontonians who bought both the Star and the Telegram in the hope of finding an answer were more than a little confused. On June 13, a red banner across page one of the Star announced TORONTO SPECTATORS BOO 'DREW STORY' OFF SCREEN. The same day, a Telegram headline declared DENY FILM ON DREW BOOED OFF SCREEN.

Where Was the Smart Money?

On the last newspaper day before the election (June 25), the editors of both papers sent reporters to Toronto's financial district to see what odds were being offered on the outcome of the election. The Star headline: BAY STREET 'WRITES OFF' DREW'S ELECTION CHANCES. The Telegram headline: LIBERALS ARE AFRAID TO RISK CASH ON PARTY.

According to the Star reporter, all brokers interviewed were unanimous in their opinion that George Drew would lose. "And what's more," the reporter wrote, "there's big money to back it up." Another broker was quoted as saying, ". . . Most of the smart money is against Drew."

The Telegram reporter interviewed "a broker who is in the habit of placing bets for customers and associates." He stated that "there is no Liberal money being offered on the Toronto Stock Exchange to back their talk that they are going to win the election."

Both papers—but particularly the Star—ended their election coverage (June 25) in an editorial frenzy. The first edition of the Star had a three-line banner occupying 88 inches which read:

KEEP CANADA BRITISH
DESTROY DREW'S HOUDE
GOD SAVE THE KING

In later editions the last line was changed to VOTE ST. LAURENT.

Also on page one were two pictures headed, SHALL IT BE PATRIOT OR ISOLATIONIST? One was an excellent, dignified full-face portrait of the Prime Minister; beside him was the now-famous photograph of Mayor Camilien Houde of Montreal, in shirt sleeves, looking huge. On page three, there were another five unflattering photographs of Houde.

The same day the Telegram pulled all the stops in playing up George McCullagh's speech the evening before which claimed the Star Weekly was favored by the government because it didn't pay the 3% sales tax on newsprint. On page one, there was a banner line which read:

LIBERALS PAYING OFF STAR

This story occupied two columns on page one, practically all of page three, and more than half of page 16.

Although the McCullagh speech (according to the Telegram) was carried over 80-odd radio stations throughout the country, the Star did not report it but contented itself with a front-page editorial pointing out that the Star Weekly was exempt from the tax because it was classified as a magazine.

At the campaign's end, the Star boasted on page one of its June 24 issue: "No election has been covered as the Star has covered this one."

Many Toronto newspaper readers will agree with this claim. They only hope that the Star—and the same goes for the Telegram too—won't repeat its performance when the next election rolls around. ★

CARTOON CANTOS

By Graham Hunter



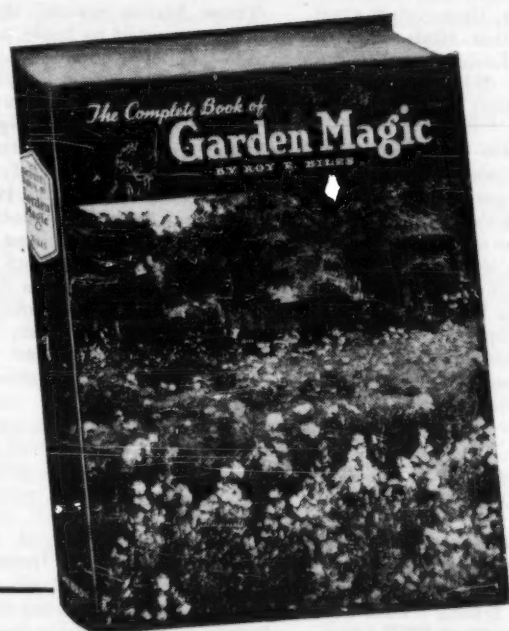
A cat has music in its soul

As note its back-fence singing role.

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PLANTING, TRANSPLANTING AND PRUNING: When to plant and transplant . . . best way to prune . . . root pruning . . . suckers.

HEDGES: Kinds of hedges . . . use of hedges . . . how to plant . . . propagation . . . shearing and shaping . . . 7 lists of hedges.

THE FLOWER GARDEN: Site arrangement . . . planting plans . . . preparation . . . how to stake . . . winter protection . . . perennial borders . . . edging . . . annual flower chart—color, height, blooming, season, etc.; what to plant for garden color . . . 39 lists of plants for the garden.

ROSES: Selection . . . location . . . soil . . . planting . . . pruning . . . control of diseases . . . mulching. 7 lists of today's best roses.

THE ROCK GARDEN: How to build . . . how to plant . . . the Wall Garden . . . proper drainage. 10 lists of plants for different types of rock gardens.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN: How to get high quality . . . good practices . . . perennial crops . . . crop rotation and protection . . . the vegetable garden plan . . . seasonal activities.

FRUITS AND BERRIES: Building strong trees . . . pest control . . . fruits for the home garden . . . best fruits to grow.

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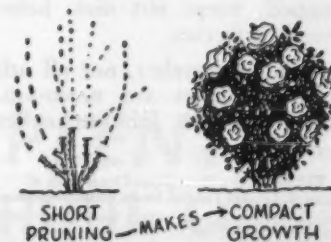
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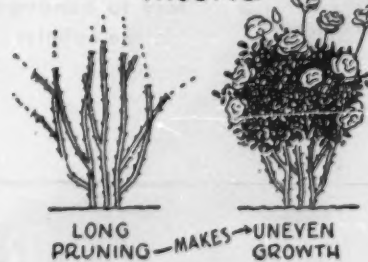
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Cross Country

BRITISH COLUMBIA

IT'S BEEN a thirsty summer in B.C. for horses. When a tavern keeper at William's Lake refused to serve beer to cowpuncher Mickey Martin's horse, Constable Lon Godfrey overruled the horse owner's protests upon the grounds that the horse, only five years of age, was a minor.

The season's been a bit harsh on fish, too. One that was first picked up by a sea gull and carried high over the Gulf of Georgia was subsequently dropped in the path of a passing plane, caught in the engine cowl, and well fried before being removed by a mechanic in Vancouver.

But as usual Rip, perhaps B.C.'s best known dog, could have no possible complaints—even though he died. For 10 years Rip had been just about the luckiest dog alive. He was the pet of a wealthy Victoria widow, Mrs. Marguerite E. Spratt.

When Mrs. Spratt died three years ago her will provided that Rip continue to live in her home, sleep in her satin-covered Marie Antoinette bed, and be defecated in her tiled bathroom. Mrs. Spratt willed also that if Alice Mabel Cartwright, her own companion, were willing she might live in the Rockland house rent free and receive \$75 a month until Rip's death so long as she cared for the dog. The dog was then to be buried in the grounds and Miss Cartwright receive \$5,000 cash.

Miss Cartwright was willing; for almost three years she looked after Rip and the pair apparently got along famously on Rip's money until last April when Miss Cartwright became ill. Then Rip died of a heart attack.

With Rip's death it appeared that Miss Cartwright might collect her five grand, even though she had been unable to care for Rip personally until his death, but four days later she died too.

Rip's companion was cremated and her ashes sent to her own home on nearby Salt Spring Island. Rip was buried as willed by his mistress, in her beautiful garden with its view of sea and mountains. And there, ruled Mr. Justice MacFarlane of B.C.'s Supreme Court, future owners of the estate must permit him to remain.

THE PRAIRIES

Polio-paralyzed legs might discourage some would-be hunters but not La Rue Smith of Delburne, in Southern Alberta, who is the province's official coyote destroyer. He used a chartered plane to chase the prairie pests in a recent 30-day test, bagging 98 of them with his 12-gauge shotgun at an estimated cost of \$12 per coyote.

Alberta officials don't balk at this price because under the discontinued bounty system they paid \$5 a head to all comers—and suspected that many hunters came all the way from B.C. and Saskatchewan to collect on their "foreign" coyotes.

When the 22-month-old daughter of a farmer near Oakville, Man., wandered off into scrub bush near her home and became lost 500 searchers were organized, troops called out and aircraft employed to scour the countryside. After eight hours, as in all the movies, it was the RCMP who came to the rescue—with a scout car mounting loudspeakers.

The Mounties put the mike into the hands of the missing child's father, the farmer's husky voice rolled through the sticky heat of the late afternoon again and again—then in answer came the cry of the little girl, just awakened from a heavy sleep where she had fallen, exhausted, beside a small stream.

ONTARIO

Canada's first National Hobby Exhibition at Toronto was almost wrecked by Ontario's July heat wave. The heat didn't scare visitors (30,000 people paid 60 cents admission) but before the show even opened many prize exhibits began to come unstuck.

J. A. Poulin of Timmins, Ont., used 17 tubes of glue to assemble his four-foot Ferris wheel with 17 tiny gondolas—the whole thing made from 21,000 toothpicks. But Toronto's sun proved the Ferris wheel's undoing and professional model makers worked all night to put it together again in time for the show's opening.

As usual with hobby shows, most of those who attended were adults—and children who did get there could hardly fight their way through the solid ranks of fathers to get at the scale-model trains.

QUEBEC

As the foreign merchant ship steamed slowly up the St. Lawrence in darkness, its course brought it in close to an island just above Quebec City.

As it passed within 75 feet of the shore line one of the ship's officers could be heard in earnest whispered conversation on the lower deck: "This is your spot—jump for it." At which a figure in a threadbare suit scrambled over the rail, hit the water with a splash and struck out for shore . . .

Montreal water front observers are convinced such incidents occur not infrequently aboard ships whose captains are desperate to get rid of unwanted passengers who ride from nowhere to nowhere for free.

The European stowaway, eager to find a new life in the New World, has become a serious problem to shipping authorities and immigration men in the port of Montreal—particularly those of uncertain nationality. The Immigration Department often lets such unfortunates remain in detention cells while applications for admission to Canada are being considered in Ottawa, but if the answer is no, back they go to the ship—and the shipping

company is stuck for their keep while in detention as well as all the time spent cruising the high seas.

Some sort of unhappy record is held by Hungarian Giza Boti.

Boti must seem like the Old Man of the Sea to the skipper of the British freighter Langedale, who first discovered Boti's presence soon after the ship sailed from Malta 19 months ago. The poor fellow couldn't be sent home to Hungary on the other side of the iron curtain and no other nation would even let him down the gangplank. Neither would Canada when the ship called at Montreal twice.

When the Langedale carried her homeless guest up the St. Lawrence a third time, however, immigration authorities told the Hungarian he could make application for admission. But Ottawa turned thumbs down again.

The weary Langedale skipper set out for England with Boti where the Hungarian intends trying to enter a DP camp as the first step in winning entry to Canada. If he succeeds it's unlikely he'll get a passage in the Langedale.

Every eligible voter trooped to the polls, no recounts or other nonsense—and plenty of municipal offices to go around when mayors, mayoresses and councilors by the dozen were elected by children frequenting Montreal's summer playgrounds. One unexplained oddity: the small fry voted into office 99 boy mayors, only 98 girl mayors.

THE MARITIMES

There were nearly 40 newspapermen collected from B.C. to Newfoundland. Undoubtedly each one of them had at one time or another phoned the city desk to say "This Royal Order of Moose Convention is a bust—just the same old resolutions and shenanigans." And surely all had nodded sleepily at the Press table through a dozen after-dinner speeches, dreaming of a never-never land where there are no joiners, no singsonging service clubs, no dubious hotel coffee.

Yet, incredibly, here they were, delegates all to the first annual convention of the National Press Clubs of Canada. Obediently they lined up to register.

They permitted themselves to be sumptuously entertained by big business, federal and provincial governments, and city fathers, gulping down highballs and speeches with equal zest.

They got sick while deep-sea fishing, went on picnics, toured the naval air station HMCS Shearwater, trundled off in a giant new army bus to see

the countryside and have cocktails at Chester, dinner at Lunenburg.

On the fourth day they took in the Halifax bicentenary celebrations, the following morning scattered to all parts of Canada via the same obliging RCAF Lancaster bombers which had brought them east.

In no time they were back on the job squawking about assignments: "Chief, you know I can't stand these conventions!"

Unlike some big ranchers out West who have taken to the air, Prince Edward Island's flying farmer, Elton Woodside of Margate, can't claim that he needs his light plane to get about his normal-size P. E. I. farm. But ever since Woodside went for his first airplane ride three years ago he's been sold on flying, and his hobby adds a lively touch to rural life around Margate. More than once he has turned his plane into a mercy ship when deep winter snow prevented an emergency case reaching hospital by land. And this summer hundreds of his neighbors crowded the hilltop at the back of his farm to watch Stinson Voyagers, Fleet Canucks and Piper Cruisers (all operated by the flying farmer's friends) stage an air show at Woodside's private landing field.

NEWFOUNDLAND

The oldest street in North America is having its face lifted. Age-old cobble stones along St. John's Water Street—which was doing business long before most other parts of the continent had seen a white man—are giving way to smoother paving.

Most of Newfoundland's chief business houses front on Water Street, back on St. John's harbor. In through the narrows beneath Signal Hill come boats bringing fish to Water St. fish merchants; out from the wharves behind other Water St. wholesale firms go coastal boats carrying soap, canned beans and cotton frocks to general store merchants in outports all over the island province.

Water Street has seen firms come and go, known the pacing of British, French and U. S. soldiers. It has been fought over, twice burned and has watched Newfoundland change from colony to Dominion to colony to a province of Canada.

Some evidence of Water Street's colorful past has been turned up by the great mechanical shovels which dug up the paving stones—a forgotten underground storehouse, ancient water mains, a smugglers' tunnel. The cost of uprooting these links with the past and laying a new surface, \$500,000 ★



Hobby Show Ferris wheel: the sun was its undoing. (Ontario)

CANADA PICTURES

WIT AND WISDOM

Money for a Honey—"Betty Grable Is Highest-Paid Female in U. S." It's a legacy.—*Windsor Daily Star*.

Thanks Awfully—If you are worrying about being struck by lightning this summer, it may be some consolation to note that the chances of such a thing happening are 375,000 to one and you need not be afraid of the thunder for if you hear it, you have not been struck by lightning.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Hole Hog—Moths are among the least aggressive of all insects—and after looking at our last year's bathing suit we're convinced they'll be willing to take a back seat.—*Timmins Daily Press*.

Metamorphosis—The Chinese who invented the fan would never recognize it today—out in left field yelling at the ump.—*Guelph Mercury*.

Both Can Be Bad—A cheque written on an egg is accepted as being negotiable. But suppose it had bounced?—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Anticlimax Department—There was once a lady dancer who climaxed her act by leaning over backward and picking up her hand-

kerchief with her teeth. For an encore, she leaned backward and picked up her teeth.—*Galt Evening Reporter*.

Education By Impact—A stout cedar shingle makes a pretty effective board of education.—*Calgary Herald*.

On the Other Hand—There still are plenty of girls who can count on one hand the fellows they have kissed, says a college professor. "One hundred, two hundred, three hundred . . ."—*Victoria Colonist*.

Touche!—Yeggmen in Toronto try to open a safe with swords. More crooks with a "duel" personality.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Page Superman—We are opposed to polygamy but two parents are not enough to get the average kid dressed, through breakfast and to school on time.—*Brandon Sun*.

The Straw That . . .

There was a young lady named Binn

Who was so exceedingly thin

That when she essayed

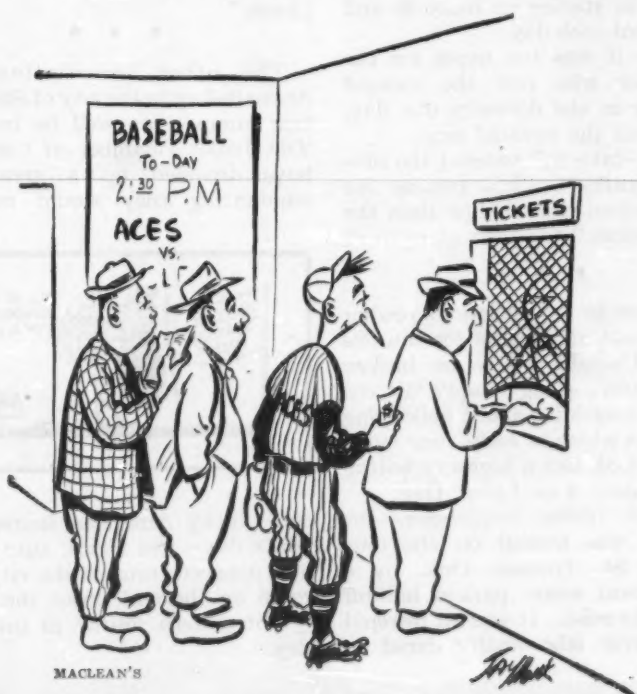
To drink lemonade

She slipped through the straw and fell in;

—*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune*.

WILFIE

By Jay Work



Protect yourself from dull, brittle "Summer-hair"

use the **Vitalis** "60-Second Workout"

Scorching sun and drenching water can kill the healthy lustre of your hair. This summer, keep your hair healthier, handsomer with Vitalis. Vitalis leaves your hair looking so well-groomed, so natural—not obviously slicked. Vitalis will never embarrass you with blobs of grease or streaks of whitish film. It contains only fine vegetable oil to condition your hair—to keep it soft.



Try the Vitalis "60-Second Workout".

50 seconds to massage—10 seconds to comb. Vitalis stimulates as no non-alcoholic dressing can. It routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.

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*BAND-AID is the registered trade mark of Johnson & Johnson Limited for its adhesive bandage.



The quick, easy way to bandage a toe splinter

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

few would be surprised to see Dr. McCann leave National Revenue for the calm of the Upper House, especially as one of the Ontario vacancies is the seat traditionally reserved for an Irish Catholic. Hon. Colin Gibson, Mines and Resources, is younger than the usual Senate appointee but the rumor has been recurrent that he'd like to be out of active politics.

Changes are unlikely to occur all at once, but within the fairly near future there is certain to be as great a turnover in Cabinet posts and parliamentary assistantships as the Government can conveniently arrange. Even in the 20th Parliament, the pressure of frustrated, able and ambitious young men was strong. With 195 members at the Government's back, promotion for some of these has become a fairly urgent problem.

* * *

After the first shock was over, the gloom in the Opposition camp was not as deep as you might think.

Progressive Conservatives, in spite of cynical speculations among their enemies, are talking very little about any further change in their leadership. Even those who feel that the election was a personal defeat for George Drew (and they are many) nevertheless believe their only course is to support him loyally and industriously, and hope for a comeback next time.

John Diefenbaker's postelection statement, in which he thanked his electors for a personal victory, led many people to infer that he might be planning a bid for party leadership. If so, he is unlikely to get much encouragement from the re-elected parliamentary group.

Said one Diefenbaker man, who prior to the election was distinctly lukewarm to Mr. Drew: "Let's not have any nonsense about the leadership. I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, and work for George Drew 100%."

Most serious threat to the party, in the view of many observers, is a loss of financial support. Progressive Conservative "angels" have paid out a lot of money in the last 14 years, without return. Now, for the fourth consecutive time, they will be asked to finance an attempt to start over again from scratch.

A year ago, before John Bracken's retirement, PC sources of income had almost dried up. The new leader and the new surge of activity brought in lots of money, but the election was very costly indeed. Liberals, knowing what their own campaign cost, estimate that the Progressive Conservatives must have spent at least \$3 millions on the campaign, including their heavy and fruitless outlays in Quebec.

Meanwhile, the party's expenses go on. Progressive Conservative headquarters in Ottawa, formerly called Bracken House, costs an estimated \$100,000 a year to operate. Quebec has its own headquarters, a suite of offices in a St. James Street building, with a full-time paid staff and two nominal leaders, the discarded Yvan Sabourin and the defeated Georges Heon.

To keep all this heavy machinery going, many people will have to contribute a lot of money. Some of them are already weary in this form of well-doing.

However, the more courageous among the professional Tories are not downhearted.

"What's the difference?" said one. "Suppose we do have to shut down

Bracken House and the Quebec office and all that. What good have they done us, anyway?"

"It wouldn't kill the party if we had to scrap the whole works. Drew's got his salary and staff as Opposition Leader; we've got 42 men in the House, and a lot more across the country. When the time comes to start over again and build from the bottom, we'll be able to get what money we need."

"After all, for the men who've supported our party, what alternative is there? They can't bet on the Liberals to stay in power forever. They can't let the CCF move in as the only opposition party. Whatever they do now, sooner or later they have to come back to supporting us."

"And some of them aren't too disappointed even today. They not only didn't expect to win, they didn't even want us to win this time—they're satisfied with St. Laurent as Prime Minister. But they did want to wipe out the CCF, and they give us credit for doing just that."

A few Progressive Conservatives even wring a little comfort from the defeat their leader got. One man, a loyal supporter and friend of George Drew since before the convention, said:

"George needed a shellacking. He's never had anything but victory in all his public life—won his first election in Ontario, then won two more. It made him too self-assured. Now he's had a proper licking, and if he can take it, he'll be a better man for it."

* * *

CCF-ers, like Progressive Conservatives, are managing to keep their chins up.

In spite of the fact that CCF losses were greater, proportionately, than Conservative, the CCF believes the PC's have been fatally wounded. Hundreds of thousands of CCF votes, they think, went Liberal in 1949 because they feared even the remote possibility of a Drew victory. Now, they think, Drew as a threat has been permanently extinguished. Next time, they argue, it'll be safe to fight the Liberals, all out, and the CCF expects to do a lot better, especially if there should be any considerable amount of unemployment at election time.

Meanwhile, they hope to use the 1949 defeat as an impetus to reforms within the party. For one thing, national CCF headquarters would like some authority over the choice of federal candidates, who are now chosen by local conventions and endorsed by provincial executives. National head-

quarters has to take what it gets, with no voice at all on nominations.

The election may also give the CCF a broom with which to clean its house of left-wing fellow travelers. They were responsible for the outcries against the Atlantic Pact and the Marshall Plan, which smirched the anti-Communist record of the CCF in Parliament. Followers of the Communist Party Line got a particularly decisive trimming on June 27, as well as in the B.C. provincial election that preceded it, and the CCF survivors will not be slow in pointing this out.

* * *

For all re-elected Members of Parliament, 1949 is going to be a banner year. Instead of their customary \$6,000, this year they'll earn about \$9,600 apiece—\$1,600 of it tax free.

Those figures assume that the fall session, expected to begin next month, will last at least 65 calendar days, and there seems no reason to believe it will be shorter. With 90-odd new members in the House, all itching to make maiden speeches, the debate on the Address alone will probably fill several weeks. Then come the Budget, the Estimates, the bill to abolish appeals to the Privy Council, and any other legislation left over from spring or announced in the autumn Speech from the Throne. Even without any stalling, the M.P.'s have lots to occupy them until late November.

If the fall session does last the required two months that legally constitute a full session, each member of the 21st Parliament will be entitled to his full sessional indemnity of \$4,000. But the last session of the 20th Parliament, which ended April 30, had already earned \$4,000 for each member of that House.

The other \$2,000 of an M.P.'s annual income is the tax-free expense allowance, and here the members lose out—especially the defeated ones. They're paid on an annual basis through each year of the Parliament of which they are members. So all expense allowance ceased on April 30, when Parliament was dissolved, and the 245 members got \$666 apiece—payment in full for the four months of 1949 that the 20th Parliament lasted.

From April 30 to June 27, nobody got any expense allowance because there was no Parliament. Starting June 28, members of the 21st Parliament began collecting for the fraction of 1949 during which that Parliament will exist. Each will collect about \$1,000 for July-December inclusive. ★

NEXT ISSUE

THE CANADIANS FOUGHT HERE

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in 1944-45

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Today

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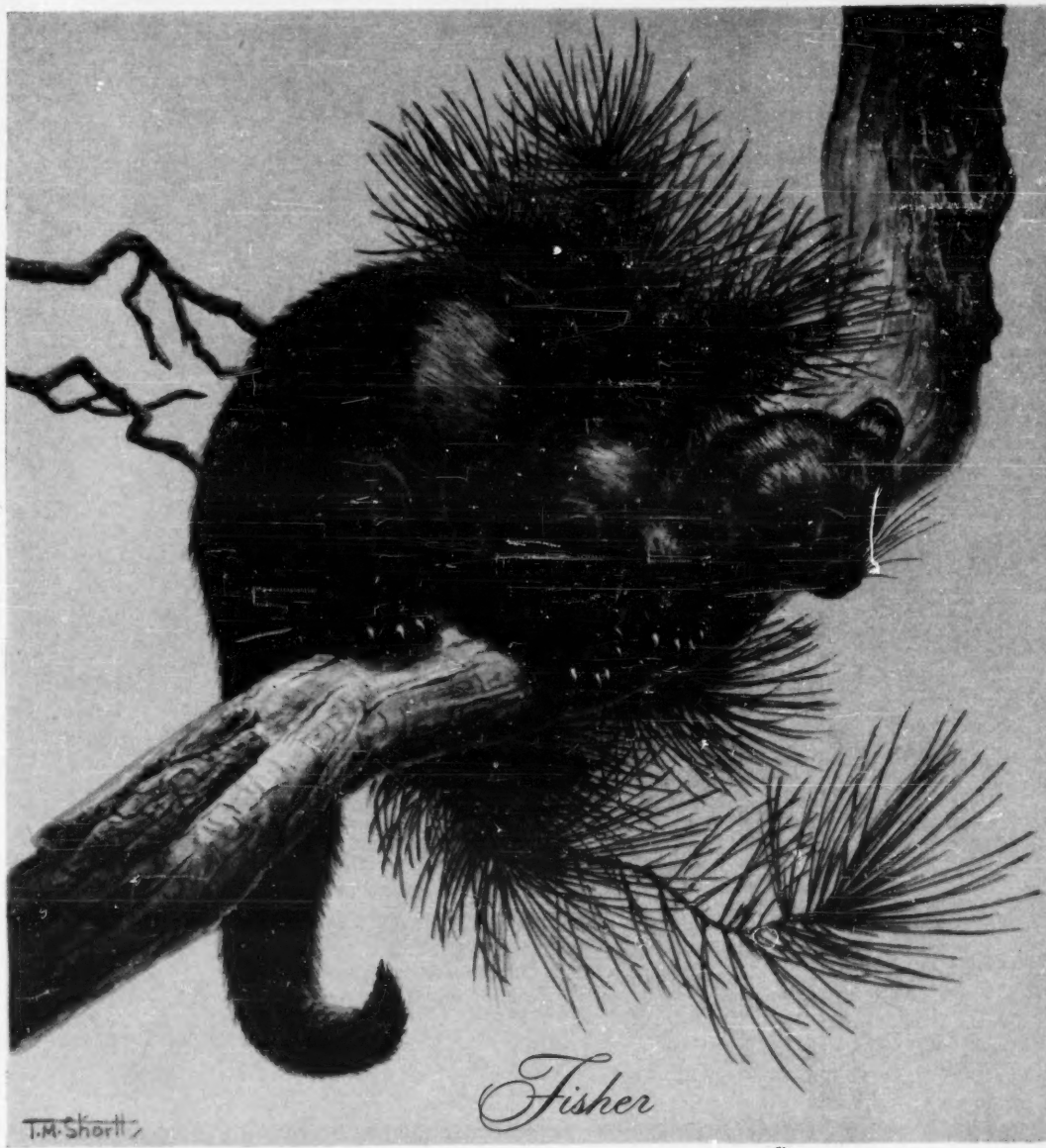
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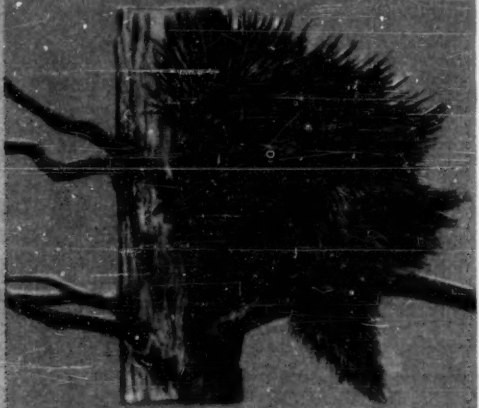
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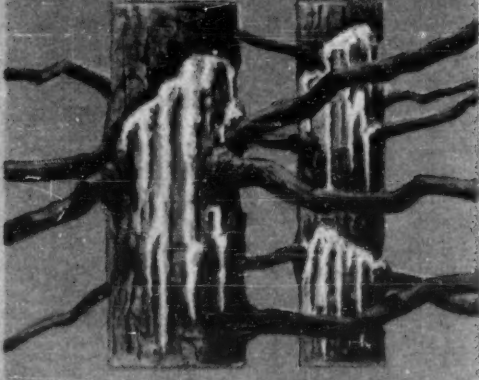


Fisher

T.M. Shortt



PORCUPINES are regularly attacked only by fishers. By keeping a check on porcupines, fishers help protect valuable . . .



TREES which are destroyed in great numbers by porcupines. This is another food chain that helps keep the right proportions among all living things.

'NATURE IN BALANCE' IS *Nature Unspoiled*

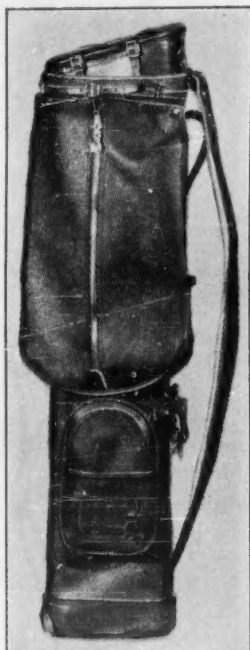
PORCUPINES DESTROY great numbers of trees by eating off the bark right around the trunk. The fisher is one of the few animals able to successfully attack porcupines and they help to keep them from increasing too rapidly. As one porcupine can kill over an acre of valuable timber, the importance of fishers is obvious. Added to this is their value as fur-bearing animals. To-day fishers have disappeared from most of their southern range and are to be found only in remote areas. They should be carefully protected, for the part they play in keeping nature in balance is of great importance. Remember, nature in balance is nature unspoiled.

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This offer good for a limited time only

PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

OF ALL the stunned comments upon the federal election which we have heard we think that the most confusingly apt came from a radio announcer in Victoria, before the results were known.

"We take you now to Esquimalt, where the returns are already coming in, but it is too early to tell which way the ebb is going to flow."

...

A little candy and novelty shop in Edmonton displayed in its window a ring containing a glowing, flashing, giant-sized gem, and all for the remarkable price of 98 cents. This bauble struck right at the heart of a nine-year-old swain who may have had some futile, knightly dream of

nose out around it, forcing passage through oncoming traffic, and blazing a trail for a hundred wary out-of-town drivers piled up behind. Then when the truck cleared the mixer and did a sharp right turn, the sheep obediently followed.

It probably looked just like another detour to them, but the guard on the gate at the Timken Roller Bearing plant stood dumb-founded as a cavalcade of about 40 cars rolled in off the highway, pulled up patiently behind the truck as it made a quick delivery, and followed it on around the private lane back to the road.

...

A Fort Frances woman, who had submissively swallowed her share of propaganda about being nice to tourists, make 'em want to come back, etc., produced her most co-operative smile when approached by a gentleman in a local china shop. She had overheard him telling a clerk he was hanged if he knew which style his wife would prefer—the low, squat teacup or the taller model; his wife was a woman of taste, he explained, and such a choice was not to be made lightly.

Primed for his question our lady smiled brightly and answered without hesitation that the taller style was much preferable. Happy to have done her bit, the Fort Frances woman went on with her own browsing, but was pulled up short when she heard the visitor announce to the clerk, "I'll take half a dozen of the low-styled cups with saucers, please."

...

The utter humiliation that descended upon the city of Saskatoon this summer can well be imagined. The Junior Chamber of Commerce boys dreamed up a great idea, announcing they would entertain



bestowing it on a fair lady; anyway, he stood with his nose pressed to the window a good five minutes the day he discovered it, then adopted the practice of stopping for a hopeless spot of staring en route to and from school each day.

Finally it was too much for the storekeeper who met the amazed youngster in the doorway one day, holding out the coveted ring.

"Here—take it," ordered the proprietor gruffly. "It's costing me more to clean the window than the ring is worth."

...

We were in a position to predict reliably that all records for tourists visiting Canada would be broken this summer, going simply by the traffic in anecdotes about holidaying Americans which in early June made our desk look like a highway bottleneck on July 4 or Labor Day.

A real traffic bottleneck, for instance, was caused on the outskirts of St. Thomas, Ont., by a huge cement mixer parked half-off half-on the road. It was an intrepid truck driver who finally dared to

some lucky American tourist for a whole day—free meals, auto washed and polished, tour of the city, hotel room on the cuff, meet the mayor.

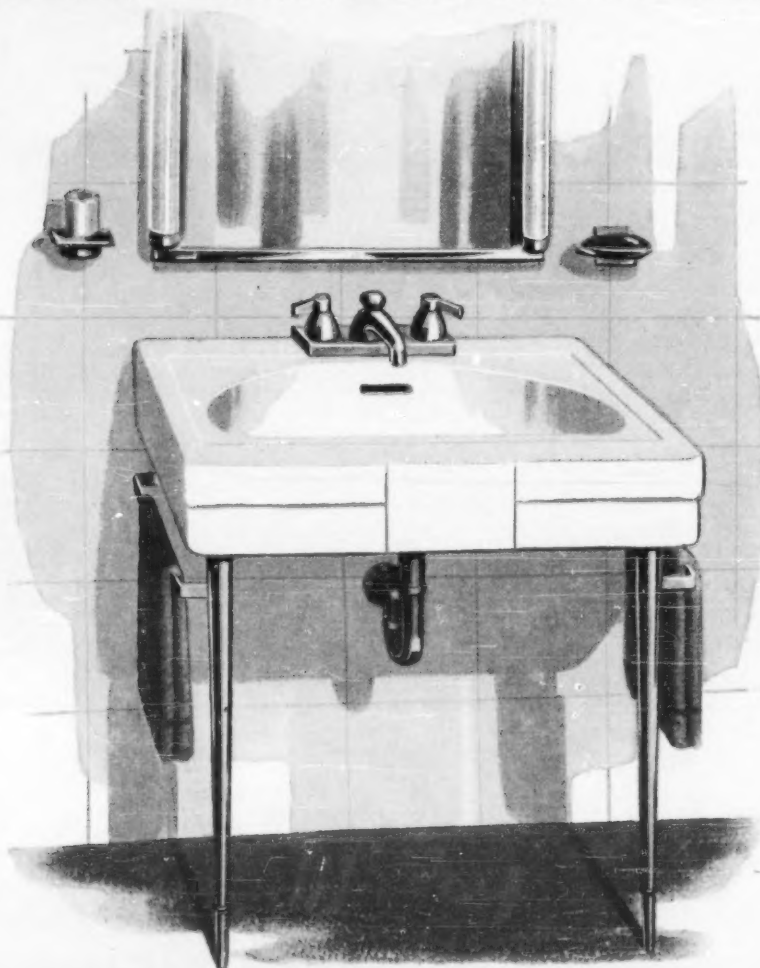
Not a darn tourist in town that day.



Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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Yes, and now we've ACTIVATED Seismotite to give you faster, easier cleaning than any other cleanser you've ever used. NEW Old Dutch cuts grease on contact! And it's safe... kind to the hands. Get 2 cans of Old Dutch Cleanser today... one for the kitchen, one for the bathroom.



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